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SPECIAL CABLE REPORT OF THE GREENFIELD-SMITH BATTLE.

THE NATION'S POLICE GAZETTE

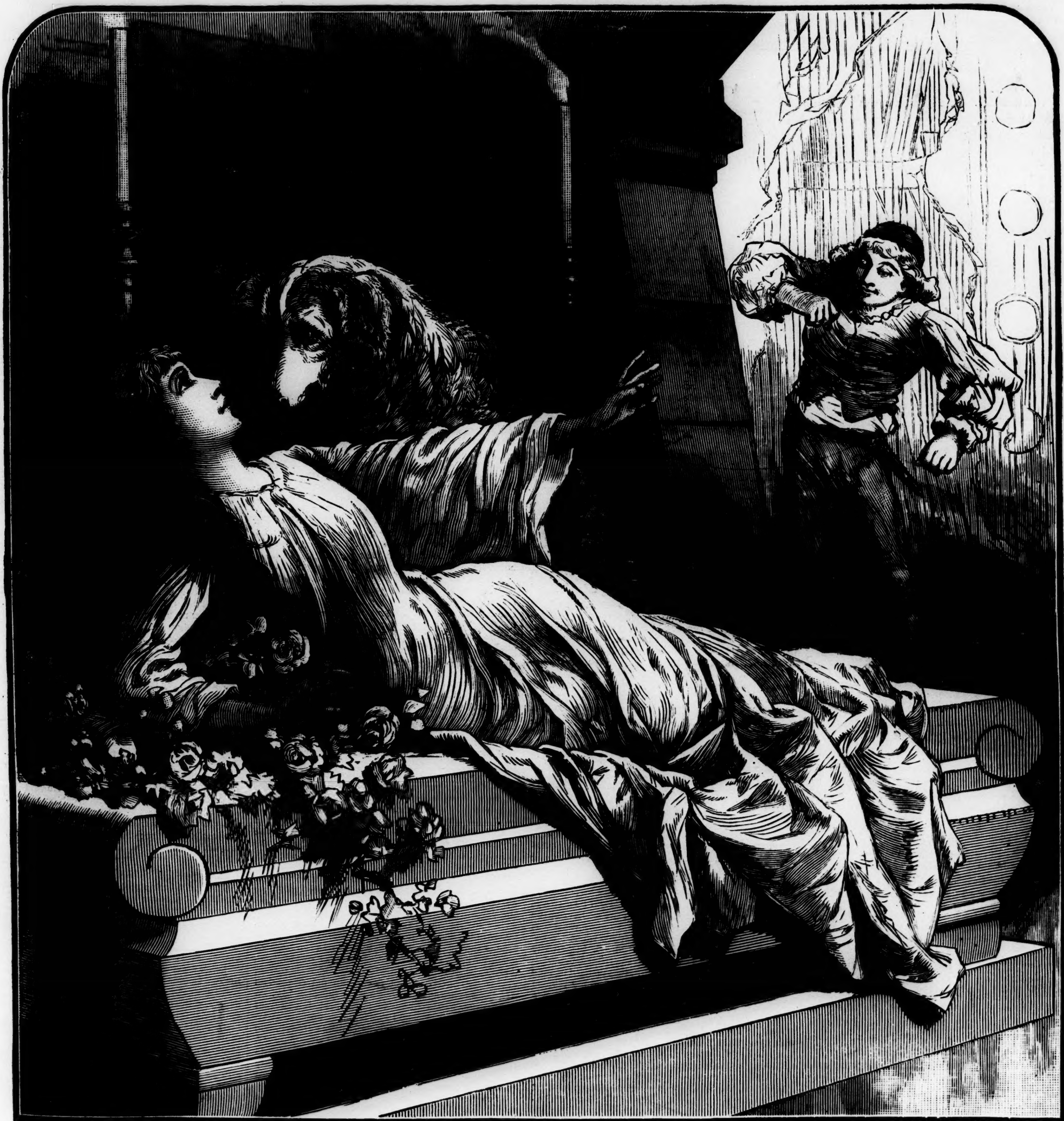
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1886.

VOLUME XLVII—No. 44.
Price Ten Cents.



HE SPOILT THE SITUATION.

THE FAVORITE DOG OF A STAR ACTRESS DISTURBS HER DEATH SCENE IN ROMEO AND JULIET.



RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.
POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1886.

TO NEWS AGENTS, POSTMASTERS, ETC.

I will give a liberal discount and furnish sample copies and advertising matter free to all news agents, postmasters and others who will make a personal canvass of their districts for the POLICE GAZETTE, the greatest sporting and sensational illustrated newspaper in the world. Send for full particulars to
RICHARD K. FOX,
Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

THE ENGLISH CHAMPIONSHIP.

The spirit of enterprise which has always characterized this paper and which has put it leagues ahead of all the other sporting journals in the world never had a better illustration than the cablegram from London, in which is fully described the recent battle between Jem Smith and Alfred Greenfield. The account which we publish is the very first fully detailed account of a match ever sent by Atlantic cable to this country. It represents not merely a liberal expenditure of cash but an amount of forethought and preparation which we never hesitate about displaying whenever and wherever the interests of our enormous army of readers is concerned.

The space and labor, to say nothing of the money which Richard K. Fox has devoted to this matter, are fully justified by the circumstances, and will be more than repaid by the appreciation of the great American people.

The battle thus graphically described was for the championship of England. The winner will, in all logical probability, challenge John L. Sullivan for the championship of the world. Anything which may be lawfully done toward promoting this great object, will be done by this paper and its proprietor. What they have accomplished in the past will be repeated in the future, and nothing will be spared to maintain the interest of one of the manliest and most wholesome sports left to us in these degenerate days.

A QUEER KIND OF CHRISTIANITY.

Nobody will ever accuse this paper of showing undue partiality to the breed of parsons. On the contrary, we don't share the general impression that a man ceases to be a man, with all a man's weaknesses, and becomes an angel or a demi-god by the mere act of putting on a white necktie and getting himself called a Reverend.

At the same time there is no denying the fact that the average preacher has to stand at the hands of his "flock" an amount of irritating and contemptible treatment enough to make the very best of men allow their good principles a let up once in a while. For prone as the average preacher may be to extol his own goodness and blow his own horn, the average deacon or elder can give him points when it comes down to out-and-out, pure, unadulterated and cowardly meanness.

All of which is written in connection with the case of a Rev. T. T. Kendrick, who some years ago was charged with forgery somewhere in New York State. His picture was promptly published in this paper with the line "alleged to have committed forgery" under it.

The case came to trial. Mr. Kendrick was vindicated and we duly and gladly recorded the fact. Being somewhat more sensitive and self-respectful than the ordinary run of parsons, he went West, established new connections and soon demonstrated that he was a strong, straightforward, successful man.

In due time he fell foul of some Pharisees out there—fellows who read this paper the moment it reaches them (but in profound secrecy) and then demand violently that it shall be "crushed" and "suppressed" and otherwise got out of the way. So some of them got several copies of the number in which Mr. Kendrick's portrait was published and stealthily circulated them, with profoundly mysterious nods and whispers. The fact that Mr. Kendrick's vindication had been duly set forth in these columns was not mentioned.

Naturally Mr. Kendrick feels sore at being so meanly annoyed by his "Christian" brethren. And why shouldn't he? At the same time the fault is none of ours.

EXTRA THE PRIZE RING.

Great Battle Between Jem Smith of London, and Alf. Greenfield of Birmingham, for \$8,000 and the Championship of England.

THE MILL FOUGHT ON FRENCH SOIL.

Over Twenty Thousand Dollars Wagered by the Nobility of England and France.

SMITH HAS GREENFIELD BEATEN.

The Birmingham Roughs, with Slung Shots and Knuckle Dusters, Break Into the Ring.

[SPECIAL CABLE TO THE POLICE GAZETTE.]
LAFITTE, FRANCE, Feb. 16, 1886.

The great prize fight between Alf. Greenfield, of Birmingham, the famous pugilist, and Jem Smith, of London, the champion, was decided to-day on Stripp, the trainer's farm at Chantilly, and was witnessed by the leading sporting men of England besides a number of the nobility of England and this republic. Since the great battle between John C. Heenan and Tom King, fought at Wadhurst twenty-three years ago, never was there so much interest manifested over a prize ring encounter or such large sums of money wagered for, taking into consideration the stakes were \$8,000, the second largest amount ever fought for and the largest ever fought for in this country. The match came about this way: Greenfield since his return from the land of stars and stripes had time and again issued challenge upon challenge to fight any man in the world with bare knuckles according to London prize ring rules for any amount from \$100 and upwards. Jem Smith, who was matched to fight Jack Davis at the time Greenfield's challenges were issued, agreed to fight the Birmingham champion if he succeeded in beating Davis. Smith's engagement was decided last December, and Smith not only won the stakes but several hundred pounds, while one of his backers won \$2,000 from a well known lord of high degree, who on Mace's judgment backed Davis. After the battle Smith's backers agreed to match Smith for any sum they named, placing no limit to the amount of stakes. A meeting was held and articles of agreement were signed for Smith and Greenfield to fight with bare knuckles, according to the new rules of the London prize ring, for the sum of \$300 a side and the championship of England.

After the match was made a well known lord offered to increase the stakes to the amount of \$10,000. Greenfield's backer agreed to wager an additional \$500 and the wager was staked, making the stakes \$1,500 or \$9,000. On Feb. 2, prior to the final deposit, another wager of £200 were wagered, while dozens of bets of £100 at evens and £100 to £20 were staked. Owing to the Puritanical persecution to which the ring had been for some time subjected, a line of country had to be selected which had been untitled. It was agreed that France should be the battle ground, and Stripp, the well known horse trainer's farm, was agreed upon as the place of fighting.

As the day of battle, fixed for the 18th, in order to throw off the authorities, the 16th being the day set for the rivals to meet, in racing circles the battle was the theme of conversation, and numerous bets were made at £600 to £400 on Smith, whose appearance at Brighton fully justified the confidence reposed in him, for he trained hard, early and late, under the able mentorship of Billy Howse, the well known pedestrian, who had walked over 120 miles in 24 hours, and was adapted to give Smith his breathers. Greenfield trained at Birmingham under the mentorship of George Probert, a veteran pugilist, who has trained and seconded Greenfield in many of his engagements. Greenfield kept at his training quarters at Birmingham until Feb. 13 when he left for a shady retreat in France in company with Chippy Norton, the leviathan bookmaker, his backer and his trainer, so as to avoid arrest. After Greenfield had been settled in suitable quarters Chippy Norton returned to London to badger the members of the Carlton Club to back the champion, also Arthur Cooper, the well-known London bookmaker, who was finding the needful for Smith.

On Feb. 14, at midnight, Smith, in company with Wm. Howse, Dan McGannan, Jack Harper and Arthur Cooper, left for France. On their arrival Cooper secured suitable quarters for Smith to train and then decided to return to London to wager a few thousand pounds more on Smith's chances of winning. Prior to his leaving Cooper promised Smith £500 if he won and Wm. Howse, his trainer, £100. On the backs of the rival pugilists returning to London agents were sent to Liverpool, Manchester and Birmingham and thousands were wagered. Smith's admirers, principally prominent turfmen and many of the nobility, staking one thousand at a clip on Smith. It was noised around the sporting drams in London that Chippy Norton had invested fully \$10,000 on the Birmingham candidate for the championship and that he had stated that he would bet any part of twenty thousand. Both men are well known in the fistie record. Smith was born in Red Lion Market, White Cross, St. Luke's, London, of Irish parents. He stands 5 feet 8½ inches in height, and in condition weighs 170 pounds. He has been successful in all his engagements so far.

He won the heavy-weight boxing competition at Shoreditch, beat Snowey of Holloway; beat H. Arnold, of the Seven Dials, London, beat Wolf Bendoff, after breaking his arm; won Tom Symonds' all comers' boxing competition, which stamped him the best man England has produced of late years, and beat Jem Mace's novice, Jack Davis, for £200 and the championship. In his battle with Davis, the latter did not come to for nearly two hours after the affair had ended



JEM SMITH.

Smith, stripped, is a model for a sculptor. He is a tremendous biter and possesses great pluck.

All yesterday sporting men were visiting all the drams to find out the trysting place, but those of the right stripe had the tip and were miles away from those who had no more chance of witnessing the mill than Nelson's monument. Long before daylight a 24-foot ring had been erected on a level piece of ground over which many a fleet-footed trainer had been speeded in his preparations for a race. Chairs, camp-stools, carriages and carts were placed around the outer ring, and the speculation in chairs and benches must have been a most successful one, judging from the demand for those conveniences, by means of which the scions of royalty were enabled to see the fight. Around the ring could be seen well-known turfmen. The congregation round the ring must unhesitatingly be pronounced the most aristocratic ever assembled at the ring side. It included the bearers of names highly distinguished in the pages of Burke's peerage, officers of the army and navy of France and England.

All being in readiness the pugilists were notified. Smith was the first to enter the ring. He was greeted with loud cheers as Jack Harper tied his colors to the stake, while Billy Howse and Danny McGannan stepped under the ropes with towels, sponges, scraper and pall. After a short delay Greenfield, with Chippy Norton, of Birmingham, entered the ring. Both had met with a first-class reception but Greenfield evidently had the most friends.

The toss for the choice of corners was won by Smith. He selected the northwest corner, there being little advantage gained, however, as the ground was level as a bowling alley. All being in readiness and the crowd disposed in tolerable order by those of the ringkeepers who chose to do their duty, the men, assisted by their seconds, began to strip ready for the mill. While Greenfield was fastening on his American fighting shoes George Probert tied the Birmingham representative's colors to the stake. In the meantime the bookies and the members of the clubs began to wager ponies, and a large amount was staked. After the men had put on their fighting togs, Smith stood up, and he was the first to appear in buff, and a single glance was sufficient to show that his condition was all that could be required by the most fastidious. Greenfield's mahogany bust was quickly after bared to the gaze of the multitude, and here, too, was evidence of strict attention to his work. Greenfield appeared a trifle taller than the Londoner, and every muscle on his back, his shoulders and arms was well developed and gave evidence of enormous power. His legs appeared light, but still there was no seeming lack of wire and activity. His skin was brown and shone like that of a thoroughbred. His mug was hard, and he looked older than when he stripped in Bingley Hall and boxed Charley Mitchell. Smith had the cut and physog of a fighter. Every muscle was swollen out to gigantic size and every tendon and sinew was distinctly visible—taken altogether, such a specimen of a Herculean frame had not been seen in the prize ring for many years.

Smith's seconds were Jack Harper, of Smithfield, and Dan McGannan, of St. Lakes. Greenfield's seconds were George Probert, of Birmingham, and a friend. The referee was a well known sporting man, who is well up on the new rules of the ring. All being ready, Smith offered to bet Greenfield £100 that he would win, and the referee shouted get ready. Like clockwork the seconds of the pugilists who were to battle for the championship and about £50,000, shook or crossed hands and then retired to their respective corners. Time was then called and Greenfield, with a nervous, wicked smile, and Smith sanguine, shook hands. Smith appeared, when in front of Greenfield, to out-condition him, for the Birmingham man looked narrow and round at the shoulders, and had not the upright, firm bearing of the champion. The wear and tear of numerous battles, and the gay life of a hotel keeper, had left their mark. Each had a pleasant, good-humored smile on his phiz, but Smith seemed to be more at home than Greenfield.

In the first round Greenfield missed several well-intended lunges with the right, and then walked around the ring; he came again and tried the left with a similar result. He kept hitting out of distance, as if afraid of Smith's right, which had already missed him so narrowly. Again and again did Greenfield step in and out, and as Smith tried to catch him on the hop he would point and grin; at last he got slightly on the chest and Smith landed on his neck, which left its mark. Desperate fighting followed, and it was hit for hit, blow for blow, until Smith uppercut Greenfield and staggered him. Before he could recover, one, two sounded on Greenfield's virtual department, and he slipped down on being fought against the ropes. Time, 1 minute 20 seconds.

On coming up there were no marks on Smith, but the effect of the latter's blows was very visible. No time was lost in sparring. Greenfield was eager to shift and fight for points, but Smith would not allow him any breathing spell. He faced Greenfield with a determined smile on his countenance, and in spite of Greenfield's clever tactics Smith plumped his left heavily on Greenfield's jaw twice, which sent him



ALF. GREENFIELD.

staggering. Greenfield after a little queer manoeuvring rushed in, landing left and right. Smith again landed his left heavily on Greenfield's jaw, upper cut him right and left and sent him down with a terrific right-hander. Time, 1 minute.

In the third round Smith forced the fighting. He outfought Greenfield, who done all he could to stall off Smith's terrific deliveries, but without success. Desperate fighting ended in a clinch and both fell and each claimed a fall. Time, 2 minutes.

In the fourth round Smith knocked Greenfield down by a straight left-hander on the right eye. Time, 4 minutes.

In the fifth round Greenfield clinched Smith and tried to get his head in chancery. Desperate fighting and both down. Smith on top. Time, 1½ minutes.

In the sixth round Greenfield after being badly punished went down to avoid further punishment. Time, 2½ minutes.

In the seventh round several hundred pounds were wagered, Smith being made the favorite at 100 to 30. Greenfield fought on the defensive, but Smith would not be denied and followed him all over the ring, punishing him terribly. Both closed and Smith threw Greenfield and fell on top of him. Time, 14 minutes.

Round after round was fought, Smith punishing Greenfield terribly, either driving him through the ropes or knocking down. In the thirteenth round Smith punished Greenfield terribly and had him beaten, and he fell bleeding and battered in the middle of the ring, and Smith's seconds claimed the fight. In an instant the ring was broken into and a terrible free fight followed. Slung shots and knuckle dusters were used by the Birmingham roughs, who had been engaged by Chippy Norton. Greenfield's backer, and their expenses paid from Birmingham. Jem Mace was powerless to give any decision. Spectators who had given ten guineas for their seats were knocked down and Greenfield was carried helpless from the ring, while Smith could have fought on had it been necessary. The battle lasted 1 hour 8 minutes. It was estimated that nearly \$50,000 was wagered on the battle. The result of the battle created intense excitement in London.

Alf. Greenfield, at his hotel, stated "he was fairly beaten, and that he wasn't in it."

Smith said: "I can whip Greenfield any time. I was ready to meet Greenfield at any time. I was ready to meet him on Sunday, as at first arranged by the referee, but Greenfield's backers said they would not put him up again. They have finished with him, saying he has pluck, but is no good. I should like to meet Sullivan, and expect my backers will send me to the United States."

At a meeting of the backers of the principals Jem Mace decided that the fight was a draw, to the disgust and surprise of Smith's backer, Arthur Powers. Mace allowed "that Greenfield is no match for Smith, who is the best man I know."

Everybody was incensed at Mace not giving his decision in favor of Smith, for everyone conceded that he was entitled to the stakes.

About 300 were present at the mill. Perhaps a better class, taken as a whole, never witnessed a prize fight, though the very rough element was well represented. Among those present were Broderick Cloete, the owner of Paradox; Lord Charles Montague, and many gentlemen of the American and English colonies of Paris. Contingents from London and Birmingham and the Paris bookmakers also put in an appearance and staked thousands while the one-sided battle progressed.

George W. Atkinson, of the *Sporting Life*, London, Eng., represented this paper at the ring side, and we had the full report of the affair cabled from Lafitte ahead of any other journal, and thus are we able to give our million patrons a full and authentic report of the battle, again proving the fact that we are ahead in sporting journalism.

ASSAULT AND ROBBERY.

A bold and daring robbery was committed near Owingsville, Ky., at an early hour the night of Feb. 9. Jesse Jones, who follows the business of hauling firewood to sell, from his farm, came to town as usual, bringing a load of wood, which he sold. During the day Jones sold one of his horses for a good round sum of money. He remained in town until after dark, and at about 8 o'clock, he finally started for home, driving his one remaining horse in a sled. When he had arrived at the bridge which crosses Slate Creek, a little over a mile from Owingsville, and just as he was emerging from the shadows of the bridge on the further side from there, two men sprang from behind the abutments, both striking Jones on the head with heavy clubs, knocking him almost senseless from the sled on which he was riding. Fearing that they would murder him he begged for his life, telling them to take what he had if robbery was their object, which they proceeded instantly to do, soon divesting the hapless gentleman's pockets of all they contained, amounting to about \$50 in cash. Jones, although stunned by the blows from the ruffians' clubs, managed to return home, and secured a warrant for the arrest of Shinnott Goodpastor and his son, Breck, whom Mr. Jones says he plainly recognized as being the parties who committed the robbery.

THIS WICKED WORLD.

A Few Samples of Man's Duplicity and Woman's Worse than Weakness.



A Michigan Girl Fooled.

Theda Strumble, a beautiful young lady of Balling, Mich., was recently wickedly fooled by one George Benjamin. Some months ago Miss Strumble received a letter from Benjamin who said he had found her name on a paste-board box cover in a car on the New York Central Railway. He wanted to correspond with her, and delighted with the romantic idea, she wrote to him.

The letters became frequent and affectionate. He asked for her picture and got it, but from him she could only learn that he had dark hair, mustache and eyes and was good looking. They next became engaged and New Year's was set for the wedding. On that day the bridegroom failed to appear, but a telegram from his sister said that "George" was very low with typhoid fever and he was continually asking for Theda. She hurried to his bedside at his sister's request. On her arrival at the house she found he had not been sick, that he had been trifling with her, and that he was a shiftless fellow, with red hair, squint eyes and turn-up nose. The girl feels her position keenly.

Died of a Broken Heart.

Mrs. Kate Parker, aged forty-two years, of No. 40½ St. Mark's place, entered Capt. McCullagh's station-house, at Fifth street and First avenue, shortly before midnight one night last week and stood for some minutes before the desk panting for breath. Then she be-



"She began to weep piteously."

gan to weep piteously and informed the sergeant that her son Paul, sixteen years old, was very wicked. She said that he did not work, but associated with corner ruffians and went home drunk every night.

"I would rather be dead," said she, "than endure again what I have passed through these last six months. My heart is nearly broken. I have done everything for that boy. I've been a good mother and this is my pay."

"You spared the rod and spoiled the child," said Detective Bissert.

"That's my case exactly," replied the woman, wringing her hands. "I never lifted a finger to him. I always allowed him to have his way. Now he doesn't mind me, and when I tell him not to associate with evil companions he turns on me like a savage. He thinks I am his enemy, and his evil associates he believes are his firm friends. I'm afraid to sleep with him in the house. Please let a policeman come with me to arrest him," she concluded.

The feelings of Detective Bissert, who has a family of boys, were touched, and he volunteered to accompany her home. The broken-hearted mother thanked him and followed Bissert out of the station-house. She couldn't walk very fast, as she had worked all day. When she was about to go to sleep, she said, her drunken son entered the house and disturbed her.



She wrong her hands.



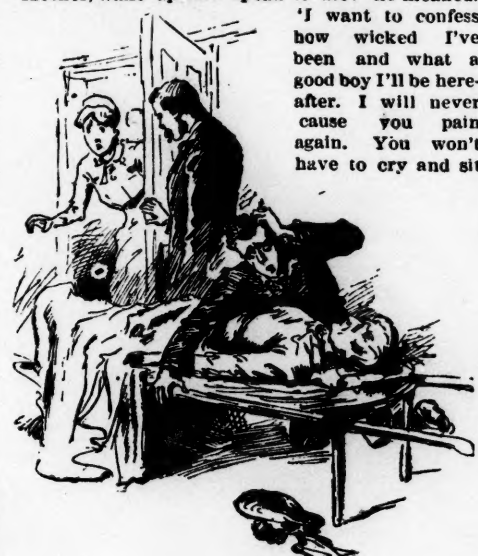
Her heart breaks.

She told the detective as they walked along that with a view to his reformation she had sent him west, and made an effort to get him good positions, but he returned to the city and led a dissipated life.

When the woman and the detective had reached Seventh street, two blocks from the station-house, Mrs. Parker stopped, placed her hand on her heart, and crying, "My God, my heart is broken," fell, and when Detective Bissert stooped to raise her he found she was dead. He summoned assistance and the body was placed on a stretcher and was taken back to the station-house, where the police surgeon pronounced her dead.

Some one suggested to the detective that it would be of no use to arrest the disobedient son, in view of the circumstances, but the detective thought otherwise and went to the house in St. Marks place, where he arrested Paul, who was asleep. When Bissert informed the two other sons and two daughters of their mother's death there was a heartrending scene. The daughters were almost frantic in their grief and Paul was bitterly reproached. There was no need of that, however, for he now realized that his conduct had been the cause of his mother's death. The stout detective had to run to keep up with Paul on the way to the station-house. The sons and daughters following them.

In the station house Paul threw himself across his mother's body, and piteously pleaded for forgiveness. "Mother, wake up and speak to me!" he moaned.



Mother and son.

up nights for me any more. Oh, mother, look up and speak!"

Then the other sons and daughters entered, and there was another affecting scene. Paul wasn't locked up, as it was thought he had been punished enough.

Paul was taken before Justice Duffy, at Essex market, where his conduct was severely denounced by the magistrate. An elder brother interceded for him and Justice Duffy allowed him to go on his own recognizance until after the funeral.

Coroner Eidman granted a permit for the removal of the woman's body to her late home. An examination disclosed the fact that she had died of heart disease. Eighteen years ago she married her second husband, from whom she had been separated for seven years. Paul was a son by her second husband.

An Awful Murder.

A very sensational killing occurred at Nashville, Tenn., Feb. 7, on North College street. Two sisters, Mollie and Nannie Cantrell, live in a bawdy-house kept by their mother. They are women of education and many personal attractions. Mollie recently learned



She snatches a butcher knife

that her friend, Ozen White, was spending the day in another house, and began drinking, which she kept up until she was crazed with liquor. She then swore she would get White, and snatching a huge butcher-knife from the table, started from the house, flourishing the knife wildly. Her sister Nannie attempted in vain to quiet her, and after Mollie reached the street came up behind and started to throw her arms around her. Mollie just then began flourishing the knife. Throwing her arm backward, the knife entered Nannie's abdomen, disembowelling her. She fell into the snow, already red with her blood, crying out: "Oh, my sister, you have killed me!"

The drunken woman kept on up the street until



Carried into the house to die.

caught by the police. The wounded girl was carried into the house to die. The evidence in the case would indicate that the killing was unintentional, and when the crazed murderess was informed of the horrible affair her grief was terrible.

"Oh, my God!" she exclaimed. "They tell me I have killed my sister, the one dearer to me than life, whose joys and sorrows I have shared, and who has been the only friend I have ever known."

Mollie is still locked up, and the wounded sister is expected to die at any time.

SEEN IN A DREAM.

Strange Manner in Which a Clew is Obtained to a Terrible Murder.

The friends of Philip Haviland, the prosperous farmer of Montgomery county, Maryland, who is supposed to have been murdered, have employed all the means in their power to find him, and they are about convinced that further search is useless. The postmaster at Sandy Springs has received a letter from an eleven-year-old girl named Mary Bell, in which she claims to have seen in a dream a horrible murder committed by four masked men, describes the affair and place seen by her, and asking the postmaster to see if there was any such place in the neighborhood.

The strangest part of the story is that evidence has been discovered that the missing man was seen struggling with four negroes, and that a blood-covered three-cornered stone described in the little girl's letter has been found. As it was also said to have been seen in the dream that the murdered man was carried into a cellar, the authorities have announced their intention of searching every cellar in Montgomery County for the body. Mr. Haviland, about three years ago, leased the mill property of the Muncaster estate situated in Montgomery County. He was a strict Quaker, and with his wife and daughters attended the orthodox meeting house at Sandy Run. On Dec. 15 he left home for Washington, and intended to return the same day. He was unable to get his work done until late on the afternoon of Dec. 16, and was obliged to stay over night in the city.

He spent Thursday in visiting several mills in Washington, and left for home in the evening, having about \$200 on his person. Several persons saw him on the road between Washington and Sligo, and at Sligo he purchased some crackers and cheese. This was the last seen of him. He was perfectly sober and in good spirits. On Friday morning a young man named Bowman found Haviland's horse and wagon in a clump of bushes, near Wheaton post-office, about four miles from Sligo. There were spots of blood on the dash board and pole. Nearly a mile down the road his coat was found in a clump of pines near the road side, and it was also stained with blood. Further search revealed a three cornered stone, which also bore blood marks. The crackers and cheese which Mr. Haviland had purchased were next found at a point nearly two miles from the spot where the coat was discovered. These are the only traces found of the missing man.

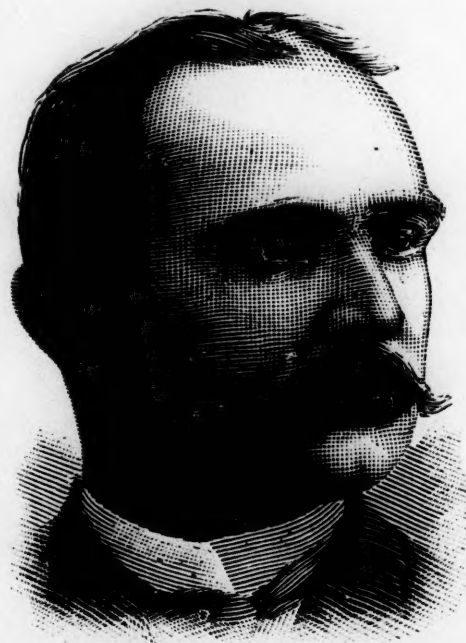
A REMARKABLE DISTRIBUTION.

The 188th Grand Monthly Drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery occurred as usual at noon on Tuesday, January 12th. The First Prize of \$75,000 was won by No. 24,945, sold in fifths at \$1.00 each—two held by M. Dittichstein, care of M. Gross, No. 3 Chambers st., New York City; one to J. F. Benson, care of Jo. Baehr, No. 927 Main st., Kansas City, Mo.; one to Isidor Schwartz, of Kansas City, Mo., paid through the Bank of Commerce there. The Second Prize of \$25,000 was won by No. 84,321, also sold in fifths at \$1 each—one held by E. A. Burnside, Cincinnati, O., paid through Southern Express Co., who paid another fifth to Joseph Wittenkeller, of Chicago, Ill.; one to A. R. Simmons, 936 Elm st., Manchester, N. H., etc., etc. No. 70,658 drew the Third Prize (\$10,000), also sold in fifths at \$1.00 each—one to W. A. Turner, No. 10 Third st., one to J. B. Martin, No. 608 Howard st., both of San Francisco, Cal., paid through Wells, Fargo & Co's Express, one held by G. Broetzman, of Houston, Texas, where also dwell J. C. Kleinfelder & Co., who held another dollar's worth, one fifth, etc., etc. No. 56,253 drew the Fourth Prize (\$5,000), held by J. W. Barnes of the Windsor Hotel, Kansas City, Mo., paid through the Bank of Commerce there. No. 26,569, held in San Francisco, Cal., drew the other Fourth Prize (\$5,000), etc.—Washington (D. C.) Star.

Any person unable to buy this paper from their newsdealer can have it forwarded from this office at the rate of \$1.00 for three months.

OUR PORTRAITS.

The Men and Women Who Find Pictorial Fame in These Columns.



A good-hearted whole-souled gentleman is William Hynes, the genial proprietor of a hotel on Third avenue and One Hundred and Seventh street in the upper section of this city. He drives the fast trotter "Major A." and is a very popular member of the jolly Eastern Boulevard Club.

Tom Brown.

This well-known and popular Canadian sportsman is now proprietor of the Queen's Hotel, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Paddy Crowley.

Paddy Crowley, the famous collar-and-elbow wrestler, is well-known throughout the United States. He was born in Ireland and is located at New Haven, Conn.

Village Belle.

This handsome fox terrier is the property of W. R. Bingham, of Toronto, and won four first-class prizes in England, as well as in Chicago, Cleveland, Philadelphia and elsewhere.

Daisy Norwood.

We publish this week a capital likeness of Miss Daisy Norwood, the pretty serio-comic singer who is the wife of Mr. William Clark, assistant manager of Harry Miner's People's theatre.

John L. Woods.

In this issue we publish a picture of J. L. Woods, of Toronto, one of the best-known travelers and sportsmen of the Queen City. His ability as a salesman is unequalled by few American travelers, full of geniality and business, never to be found without a bottle of oil or a bar of soap in his pocket. He is a son of Alderman John Woods, of Toronto, and is now representing Wm. Strachan & Co., of Montreal, the largest soap and oil business in Canada.

Fannie Mills.

Elsewhere will be found a portrait of Fannie Mills, the big-footed girl from Ohio. She wears number 30 shoes. The largest ever made. Nineteen inches in length, 7½ inches in width. Both feet are alike. Three goat skins, ordinarily used to make eight pairs of ladies' shoes, are required to manufacture one pair for Miss Mills. The waists of the shoes are 13½ inches insteps 19½ inches; the ball, 19½ inches; the tops of the shoes reach to the calf and measure in circumference 20½ inches; the heels are 5½ inches in width.

Clarence W. Ryder.

C. W. Ryder (better known as Clarence Whistler Ryder) was born in Chatham, Mass., June 30, 1857, and entered the newspaper business as an attaché of the Boston Herald and served eight years on its editorial staff. At last becoming impressed with the wisdom of Horace Greeley's advice he went West, arriving in Minneapolis June 6, 1885, and at once was given a position on the local staff of the Minneapolis Tribune, where, after short service, his qualifications for the sporting department were recognized, and he was given that work to do. His enthusiasm in the encouragement of all kinds of manly sports has been the means of making Minneapolis the northwestern sporting center and the Tribune their leading journal. He has officiated as referee in several important sporting events, the last being the late six-day bicycle race for the long-distance American championship, for which the Tribune presented the medals.

WAS HE CRAZY?

The Terrible and Unprovoked Crime of a Manitoba Squatter.

A horrible tragedy occurred on the road between New Westminster and Port Moody, Manitoba. A man named Walker has squatted on some land, and Feb. 1 he took L. Robson, his partner, Smith, and another man named Jones to the place, wishing to dispose of his right. They arrived at the ranch late in the afternoon, and after dark Walker picked up a double-barreled shotgun and said he was going to shoot a crow. One of the men remarked that it was rather late to go shooting, when Walker said he might as well tell them his intention that he was going to cook their goose for them. He then shot Robson through the breast, killing him instantly. Jones attempted to take the gun away from the murderer, but received the contents of the second barrel in the leg, shattering his knee. Walker then made for Smith with a knife, but the latter succeeded in getting out of the cabin and escaped. Walker then lashed Jones to the body of Robson and fled. The wounded and dead men were found by constables, who arrived a few hours later. The dead body of Walker was soon after discovered. He is supposed to have killed himself.

Henry St. Maur has taken Charles Wyndham's part in "The Candidate," at the Criterion Theatre in London. Mr. Wyndham has been under treatment for weakness in his eyes. That is why he didn't see his way to an American season this year.



DAISY NORWOOD,

THE CHARMING AND POPULAR LITTLE SERIO-COMIC SINGER.

Charles Holdsworth and Bride.

Charley Holdsworth is the champion long-distance skater of Wilkesbarre, Pa. He met Miss Kemble rather often, and, it is alleged, was recently compelled to marry the young woman who has turned the heads of numer-

ous giddy young men by her artful ways. The marriage of the couple has created a sensation in the neighborhood of Wilkesbarre.

Miss Caroline Metcalf.

Miss Metcalf is the clever stock operator who



LAURA DON,

THE BEAUTIFUL AND REALLY ACCOMPLISHED ACTRESS WHO DIED LAST WEEK OF CONSUMPTION.



CHARLES HOLDSWORTH,

THE SKATER WHO MARRIED MISS KEMBLE UNDER STRANGE CIRCUMSTANCES, WILKESBARRE, PA.



MISS FRANKIE KEMBLE,

A YOUNG WOMAN WHO CAPTURED CHARLES HOLDSWORTH FOR A HUSBAND, WILKESBARRE, PA.

Laura Don.

The beautiful and gifted woman, whose portrait we publish on this page, and who was not only a clever actress but a brilliant authoress and artist in oils, died of consumption last week in Greenwich, Conn.

THE Rev. Sam Jones gives comfort to the citizens of St. Louis by saying: "There are some things past praying for." Ergo, Mr. Jones will give Chicago the go-by.



A CURIOUS ROBBERY.

MRS. PILKINGTON SAYS SHE IS ATTACKED AND PILLAGED BY THREE WEST SIDE TOUGHS.



ROBERT H. WOODS,

THE ALLEGED TARRYTOWN CRACKSMAN WHO WAS RUN DOWN BY INSPECTOR BYRNES.



MISS CAROLINE METCALF,

THE CLEVER STOCK OPERATOR CHARGED WITH OBTAINING STOCK UNDER FALSE PRETENSES.



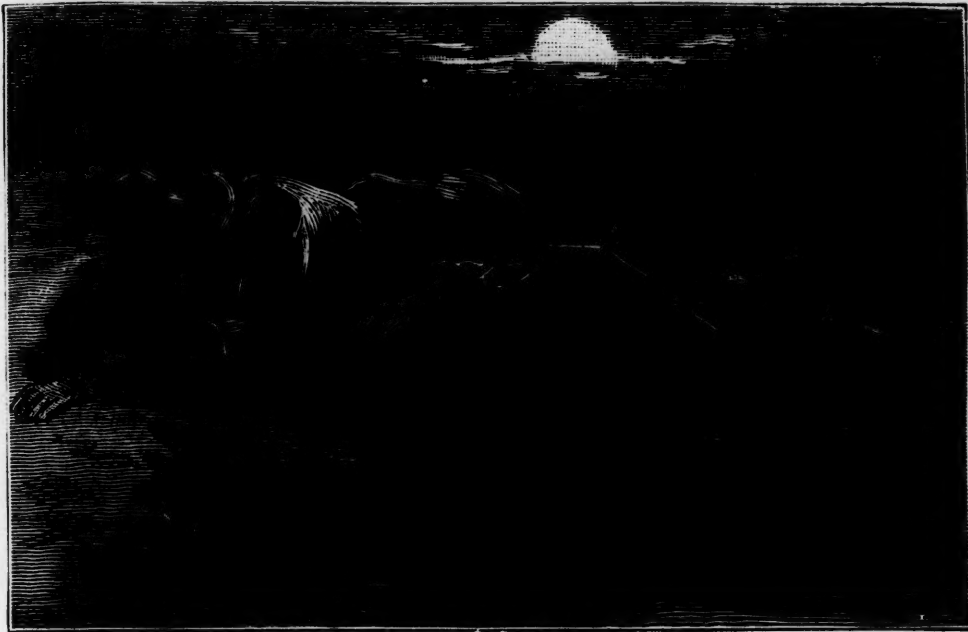
SALVATION HORSE THIEVES.

TWO MEMBERS OF THE ARMY CLEVERLY CAPTURED BY DETECTIVE KEATING NEAR COBLESKILL, N. Y.



HONEST JOHN'S DILEMMA,

A WELL-KNOWN NEW YORK LEGISLATOR IS ROBBED OF HIS CLOTHING WHILE ASLEEP IN AN ALBANY HOTEL.



"HOMESTEAD RIGHTS."

THE INGENIOUS WAY FRAUDULENT PRE-EMPTORS ESTABLISH THEIR BOGUS CLAIMS TO PUBLIC LAND IN COLORADO.



YALE'S YAHOOES,

THEY VIOLENTLY BREAK UP A MILITARY BALL AND COMMIT OTHER OUTRAGES AT NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT.

A WOLF IN SHEEPSKIN.

The Villainous Conduct of Which a Westchester County Preacher is Charged by an Ewe Lamb of His Flock.

The Rev. Robert White was tried at White Plains, Westchester county, N. Y., last week on an indictment charging him with a rape on his wife's companion, Elfrida Robinson. Miss Robinson's brother-in-law, the Rev. Mr. Goss, gave evidence as follows:

"Miss Robinson, my wife and I went to Albany Dec. 16, 1884, to consult Drs. Snow and Vandiver, and then I learned her condition for the first time," he answered. "I wrote to Mr. White the next day. Elfrida had confessed everything. He came to Philmont Dec. 22. I first saw him after his arrival talking with the Rev. Mr. Travers and the Rev. Mr. King, who were stopping with me. When Mr. White saw me he came up and shook hands with me. I said to him: 'Elfrida charges you with being the father of her unborn child.' To this he replied: 'There is no use denying it. I confess my guilt. I have come up here to do what I can for the girl. I want you to understand that there is some honor about me yet.'

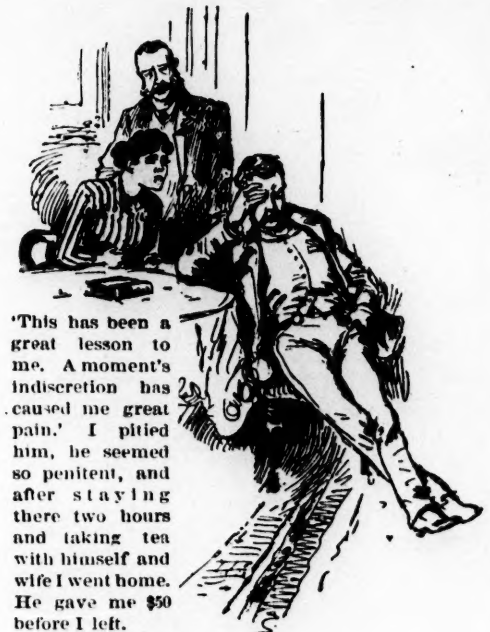
"In the house my wife said to him: 'Robert White, how could you do such a thing? I didn't believe you could when you have a wife and children.' He confessed his guilt and made a full confession. 'Pity my poor, innocent wife and children,' he exclaimed. He cried bitterly and promised to do everything he could to atone for it. 'I've come up here to make all the reparation I can, and I only beg you will spare my wife the pain, for she would leave me if she knew the truth.' He took out a roll of bills amounting to \$50 and placed



Confession.

it on the bureau. 'Any time you want more money come to Purdy's,' he said, and I will give it to you.' Then Miss Robinson came into the room and exclaimed to Mr. White, 'You know you are to blame.' 'Yes,' he replied, 'I take all the blame.'

"He went away after being there about two hours. On Jan. 1, 1885, I went to Mr. White's house at Purdy's and he and I went into his study upstairs. We were alone. I told him that I had visited the hospital at Albany and saw Dr. Snow, and Elfrida had gone there. I needed more money, and asked him for \$50. 'I haven't got so much about me,' he said, 'but I have some church money I could borrow if necessary.' I explained to him it was necessary, for expenses were very large. He took me out to the barn and said:



"This has been a great lesson to me. A moment's indiscretion has caused me great pain. I pitied him, he seemed so penitent, and after staying there two hours and taking tea with himself and wife I went home. He gave me \$50 before I left.

"At Purdy's on Feb. 16 I saw Mr. White, and told him I must have more money. He said it wouldn't do any good to go over to his house because it would excite the suspicion of his wife. So we walked along the track and he gave me \$35. I saw him again on March 5. When the train reached Purdy's he got on, and we rode to Golden's Bridge and waited there for the next train up. He said it would be better than my staying at Purdy's. I told him the expenses were heavier than ever just then, and we must have more money. He said he did not have it, and when we came back to Purdy's I walked down the track while he went away and brought back \$35, which he gave me.

"The Methodist annual Conference met at Poughkeepsie on April 3 and lasted till April 8. I showed



In the barn.

him letters from the doctors in relation to the adoption of Elfrida's baby that was born March 11. He was anxious to have it adopted and gave me \$50, and the day before the Conference adjourned he gave me \$50 more, which he said he had borrowed from the Rev. Mr. Green. After leaving Poughkeepsie I went to the hospital at Albany and brought Elfrida back to Philmont. She remained there three or four days and then went to Oak Hill with some friends for three or four weeks and then went back to the hospital again.

At Millerton, where I met Mr. White by appointment soon after, he gave me all the money he said he could possibly spare, amounting to \$1. When we next met, at Pawling, on May 20, I told him Elfrida had gone back to the hospital, and Dr. Snow said there was only one chance in ten of her living. In response to a letter from my wife Mr. White came to Philmont on July 23. I gave an account of the bills, amounting to \$367.50. At the house, in the presence of my wife, he asked how it happened that the Rev. Mr. Travers knew of the matter. I told him he had questioned me about it and I could not deny it. Mr. White wanted us to deny ever telling Mr. Travers and said: 'It would be an easy matter to make Travers out a liar.' He declared he would blacken the character of Mr. Travers or any one else. 'I've been charged with assault, but I deny it,' he said.

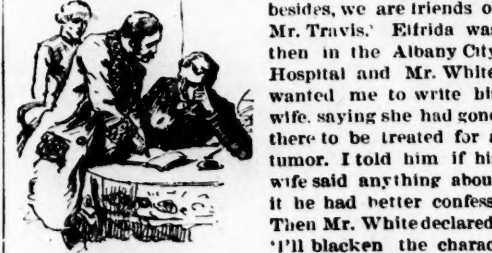
"Miss Robinson was in another room and we called her in, and told her what he said. She charged him with assaulting her, but he did not deny it then. 'I'll fight it out to the bitter end and die game,' he said. On the way to the depot he gave me \$25, but said it was a loan. I told him plainly that I did not regard it as such. That was the only time he ever spoke of money being a deposit or loan."

Mr. Goss denied ever having used any of the money paid by Mr. White for his own expenses. After the first two letters there was an understanding between them, according to his testimony, that they should write in ambiguous terms. Mr. Goss was interested in organizing a Ministerial Association along the Harlem Railroad, and he swore this was to be a cloak for discussing the condition of Miss Robinson. Appointments were to be made by speaking of fishing expeditions and ministers' meetings. This was for the purpose of keeping Mrs. White in the dark. They were also to be very affectionate in addressing one another.

Mrs. Blanche R. Goss, the wife of the Rev. Mr. Goss, sister of Miss Robinson, corroborated the testimony of her husband concerning the confession of guilt made by Mr. White, Dec. 22, 1884, six days after she learned that her sister was in trouble.

"My sister came home from Mr. White's on July 28, 1884," she said, "and went to Oak Hill for a month. While she was there, in August, Mr. White came to our house in Philmont. I overheard a conversation between him and my grandmother. He asked her: 'Has Elfrida been sick yet?' My grandmother said: 'We're worried about her.' Mr. White remarked: 'My wife had just such a trouble before we were married. I talked with my husband about what I heard, but we did not suspect anything and knew nothing about Elfrida's trouble until long afterwards. July 23, 1885, Mr. White was at our house again and he said: 'Matters are getting out. The Presiding Elder and my mother-in-law are inquiring about it.' Mr. White asked my husband why he didn't deny the story and also deny that he had told the Rev. Mr. Travis about it. I jumped up and said: 'We are not in the habit of denying what is so, and, besides, we are friends of Mr. Travis.' Elfrida was then in the Albany City Hospital and Mr. White wanted me to write his wife, saying she had gone there to be treated for a tumor. I told him if his wife said anything about it he had better confess. Then Mr. White declared, 'I'll blacken the character of any man who charges me with this.'

He added: 'Mr. Travis says I assaulted Elfrida.' 'Well, didn't you?' I asked. 'How could I?' responded Mr. White, 'when my wife was in the house.' My sis-



The account.

ter came in and I said: 'Mr. White denies it.' Before she could speak he said: 'I didn't come here to quarrel.'

Mrs. Goss gave her testimony in a clear straight-forward manner, with a quiet, but decisive air, and all attempts to confuse her on the cross-examination failed. These are some of the questions asked Mrs. Goss by the Rev. Mr. White's counsel:

Q. Did you ever know that any one believed your husband guilty of being the father of your sister's child. A. There were such reports.

Q. Did you sign the complaint for the investigation of Mr. White by the Conference? A. I did.

Q. Did you then testify that you did it to shield your husband? A. I did not.

Q. When Elfrida went to Albany with a young woman and two young men and did not come back by the last stage, did you say, 'How could that girl do such a thing?' A. No, I did not.

Q. Did you hear Mr. White on July 23, 1885, ask for a written retraction denying that he assaulted Miss Robinson? A. No.

Q. At that interview Mr. White, yourself, Mr. Goss and this woman were present?

"My sister was there," interrupted Mrs. Goss in a tone of rebuke, and there was a nod of approval from many of the spectators for the timely defense of Miss Robinson, for it has been the custom of young Lawyer Keogh, who is assisting in the defense, to speak of her in a discourteous and even contemptuous manner.

Miss Jennie Noble, the nurse in the Albany City Hospital, testified that she attended Miss Robinson on the birth of her child, March 11, 1885.

Dr. George K. Bradbury, now of Lansingburg, who was house physician of that hospital, gave some of the particulars of the birth, having been the attending physician. When asked his opinion on a medical question he remained silent, and afterward assigned as a reason that he did not propose to give such testimony until he was accepted as an expert.

"I would like to admit him as an expert," said Francis Larkin, of Sing Sing, who has been conducting the prosecution. He and his partner, Smith Lent,

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The Hells of New York.

A Vivid and Exciting Story,
Founded on Facts, of the Perils
and Pitfalls of the Great
Metropolis.

CHAPTER IX.

The casual observer who has only looked on the motley procession which follows a police raid—a procession in which blue-coated officers, each apparently disgusted with the job he has on hand, are mixed up with all sorts and conditions of male and female prisoners—can form but a slight idea of the sensations rife in that melancholy crowd.

Like the frogs in the old fable who objected to being stoned by the schoolboys, what is fun to the casual observer is anything but pleasure to the enforced and unwilling actors in the show.

George was too stupefied by the fumes of the opium smoked all round her and too bewildered by the novelty of the scene—if scene it could be called in which hardly anything was visible except the small yellow flames of the lamp—to comprehend, at first, the full extent of the disaster. Clutching frantically the edge of the berth or bunk in which Miss Coleman slumbered, she saw by degrees a posse of officers waking up the Chinese patrons of the place with lusty clubbings of the soles of their feet.

As each Mongolian came in a manner to his senses he rubbed his eyes, gurgled some strange and incomprehensible oath in Chinese and then, with true Asiatic philosophy, surrendered to the inevitable.

"Come! now!" cried the sergeant in command, a big, burly fellow with a regular cataract of red hair tumbling over his upper lip. "Turn out, ye bloody haythen. The figs up and ye've got to pay the piper."

One after another the patrons of the den were restored to a semi-consciousness of the humiliation which had overtaken them. It was, indeed, a mixed company which responded to the big sergeant's orders and came trooping sullenly out of the shadows like a lot of trapped vermin.

There were handsome young actors, in their dainty undergarments, bleary of eye and slow and confused of speech, who seemed hardly equal to the work of dressing themselves for their impending and compulsory street parade. There were, also, "tough" looking fellows, gamblers and thieves, who seemed perfectly resigned to the blow and even exchanged a little banter with the police. One big, stout German, a wealthy merchant on the east side, who was evidently a novice, fairly broke down with fear and chagrin as the officers shook him and roughly ordered him to complete his toilet.

The female patrons of the hell presented an even more extraordinary spectacle. Several of them were very young and pretty—one lovely brunette, not more than sixteen years of age, compelling even the admiration of the callous and scornful minions of the law. Like the rest of her unfortunate sisters, she was most scantily attired—it being one of the curious features of opium-smoking that even chaste and virtuous women addicted to the habit will lie down, to "hit the pipe," in a den full of male strangers, no more thoroughly clad than with a chemise and stockings. And it is another singular characteristic of an opium den that though female "fiends" of really respectable origin and associations listen complacently, in their bunks, to the broadest and bawdiest stories and drink brandy cocktails between "pipes" with the hardihood of a regular *nymphs du pave*—the immorality which would seem to be thus stimulated and encouraged is never pushed to extremes.

It was, perhaps, because the policemen belonged to the non-smoking world that the women thus "colored" exhibited, of a sudden, a modesty and diffidence to which most certainly they were utter strangers when alone with the male habitués of the hell. A tremendous hurrying and scurrying ensued among them as soon as they realized what had happened. Some broke down in hysterics, some tried to conceal their faces, and three or four openly ridiculed the rest and made fun of the police.

The two actresses were especially put out by the occurrence—Miss Coleman assuming an air of tragic indignation and demanding to know of the officers what right they had to break in on her private diversions in such an unceremonious and unseemly manner. To which the sergeant replied only with a broad grin and a pointed request that she would hurry up.

While the "fiends"—Chinese and Caucasian—were in various ways making the best of the situation and "fixing" themselves much after the fashion of the people who go to Boston on the cheap boat and are tumbled out of bed in a hurry at daybreak when the steamer arrives at Stonington, a big policeman went round with a lantern and a club and peered into each bunk to see that no cunning "beathen" should escape the rigorous vigilance of the law.

When he arrived at the birth occupied by the fat Chinaman described in the previous chapter, he stopped short. The lantern was flashed into the bunk. Then he grabbed its portly occupant and shook him, to which the Chinaman made neither resistance nor reply.

"Here! sergeant," cried the officer, with his hand on the Mongol's heart. "This 'ere Chinee has croaked—damme if he hasn't."

A shudder of consternation went round the motley crowd.

The stalwart sergeant hastily crossed over to the bunk and made a rapid but thorough examination. "You're right," he said, with a strictly professional oath, "he's as dead as a last year's mackerel."

This added to the general excitement. Some of the women burst out weeping. Some of the men uttered exclamations of surprise and shock. Only the other Chinamen kept silence and gave no sign.

In five minutes the troop of captives and captors was ready for its melancholy march to the station house. A policeman was left in charge of the hell and its solemn and silent occupant—the corpse. The rest of the platoon formed an escort for the prisoners, each officer being held responsible for two. At the head of the column strode the big sergeant, his thick red mustache fairly bristling with importance as he clubbed a couple of Chinamen. One of them was the "boss" of the shebang, according to the shout of indignation and

ridicule which greeted him as he appeared on the sidewalk.

The street was crowded, late as was the hour. News of the foray had evidently been pretty widely spread abroad, and it looked as if the whole east side had turned out to see and enjoy, in a characteristically east side manner, the result of the raid.

In the crowd were conspicuous several respectable workingwomen whose hatred of the Chinamen was soon made plain enough. One of these women, a decent person, immediately recognized in the pretty girl of sixteen elsewhere described, her own wayward daughter. With a fierce and bitter cry, she sprang upon one of the beathens and struck him a blow which brought him to the ground like a capsize cotton bale.

This seemed to be the signal for a popular attack on the terrified Mongolians, who clung in affright to their stalwart official captors. Blows with clubs and sticks and even a volley of stones and garbage were showered on the cowering and panic-stricken Celestials.

The white women prisoners screamed with terror, and the officers evidently anticipating a sharp fight drew their clubs to resist the assault of the furious mob.

It was, indeed, an instant riot which swirled and swung around poor frightened Georgie. The thud of the club, the roar of voices, the shrill yells of women, the deep curses of men and the shouts of the police made a terrible din. There is no telling how it might have ended had not a body of reserves dashed out of the station house and reinforced the gallant platoon doing battle, from a mere sense of duty, in behalf of their loathsome and detestable Chinese prisoners.

In another moment, Georgie found herself, for the first time in her life, within the mystic precincts of a police station. Timidly did she survey the novel scene. The place was full of officers, some of them cut and bleeding from the missiles of the mob. Crowded at a low iron fence or rail were her companions of the opium hell. Sitting at a raised desk, like a monarch on his throne, in all the splendor of full uniform, was the sergeant in charge. Sitting by him were two burly men in plain clothes. One was the alderman of the ward, the other the captain of the precinct.

Standing inside the railing was a batch of sharp-faced, shrewd-eyed young men, some of them with note books visible.

Georgie had no hesitation in putting these vivacious young men down as reporters.

Which they were.

When Miss Coleman and Miss Nuditty entered the station, they pulled their veils down and completely covered their faces. They also remained in the background as the other prisoners were, one after the other, "booked" for being found in an opium den.

Georgie expected that her new mistress would utterly break down under the ignominy of her plight, which showed that she did not know the moral and intellectual resources of Miss Coleman's nature.

With the greatest coolness and effrontery in the world, she quietly opened her pocketbook and searched in it. A smile of complacent satisfaction mantled on her face as she extracted a card, glanced at it and then, in a sweet and winning voice, asked the officer who stood at her elbow to hand it to his captain.

That functionary took it indifferently, read the name on it, and instantly jumped to his feet.

"Where is the lady," he inquired.

Next week's installment of this exciting story will continue the exposure of the queer workings of the police machine.

A REMARKABLE STORY.

Adventure of a New York Produce Merchant's Wife
With Three Tough Young Ruffians.

[Subject of Illustration.]

On Jan. 18 Mrs. Mary Ann Pilkington, wife of W. H. Pilkington, produce merchant at Cortlandt and West streets, answered a ring at the door of 247 West Twenty-seventh street, where she then resided. Her present address is 268 Seventh avenue.

It was about 5 P. M. On opening the door she was confronted by John Farrell, a hack-driver of 237 West Thirtieth street, who said he wanted to speak to her for a moment, and while she listened a big red-headed man whom she did not know came and shoved Farrell on top of her in the hallway and, accompanied by a third party, whom she thinks is called Connors, forced an entrance into her room.

They searched the cups in the cupboard, the ornaments on the mantel and the closets for money, until, drawing a knife, she declared she would kill the first man putting a hand on anything in the place. She is a little, fragile woman, and, as she states, the red-headed man took the knife from her, and said: "Look out! She's going to cut. She's doing a bit of tragedy."

When she screamed for help they drowned her cries with their shouts and laughter, and then, throwing her on the bed, searched her clothes for money, and attempted to wrench her wedding-ring from her finger. Finally, exhausted, she had to succumb, and one of the wretches, after dancing a break down on her stove and kicking her trunk to pieces, went into the closet adjoining the main room, and deliberately walked off with her cloak and shawl worth \$30. The rest followed, one of them, whom she called Connors, waiting until he had wiped the blood off his face, which he had received in his struggle with Mrs. Pilkington on the bed, and, after locking the door, threw the key into the closet in the hallway, where it was found and Mrs. Pilkington liberated. Judge Power laid the matter over at Jefferson Market for the production of witnesses.

SURRENDERED THEIR BOOTY.

An Officer's Ruse Leads to the Arrest of Two Noted Cracksmen.

A special from Waco, Texas, says: "A saloon on the principal thoroughfare of the city was entered by burglars at an early hour on the morning of Feb. 11, and the safe robbed of \$1,100 in cash. The job was evidently the work of expert cracksmen. They opened the safe by drilling a small hole over the lock. Of the money stolen \$735 belonged to a man named Armstrong, who had deposited it for safe keeping only the night before the robbery. The proprietor of the saloon suspects two men who visited the place Wednesday evening and remained about the house till late hour. Deputy Sheriff Bob Rose, with a couple of assistants, started out to beat the bush for Henry Tickle, the Navarro county outlaw, who had been discovered the evening before by Sheriff Whaley in the creek bottom lands. After traversing many miles they finally en-

tered Axtell Station, where they made a brief rest and again started.

"They had not ridden far from the station before they came upon two young men, whereupon they dismounted and one of the officers remarked, 'We did not make much of a haul on the train; let's see what we have here.' The young men took the officers for train robbers and became greatly alarmed. They immediately handed out \$1,000 to the supposed robbers, but begged that they be allowed to keep their baggage, which, they said, contained their working tools. On examination the bags were found to contain a complete set of burglars' tools. The men were arrested and brought here. They gave their names as James Emerson and Charles Cameron, and are each about thirty years old. They confessed the burglary."

FLUSH FAKERS.

The Actors and Actresses of America and their Respective Boodles.

Though three-fourths of our actors and actresses complain about the hard times, they made no such money in the old days as they do now. There are three or four actors on the American stage who possess fortunes and make money at a rate that would satisfy almost anybody.

Take Miss Mary Anderson, for instance. There are very few financiers of Wall street who would not be perfectly pleased to know that they could make in a season of eight months \$150,000, and keep it. That will be the income the present year of Miss Mary Anderson, who is now computed to be worth \$400,000, which is safely invested in real estate, gas stock and railroad shares, both here and in England, only a small portion of it being in Government bonds.

Mr. Edwin Booth went into bankruptcy about two years after he gave up his theatre on Twenty-third street and Sixth avenue, which is now turned into stores. That was about 1877; yet he is now computed to be worth in clean cash about \$750,000. He has made a contract for next year which will turn him in a net sum of \$150,000 for about seven months' work.

Mr. Joseph Jefferson is also one of the wealthiest of actors. He is not making so much now as he used to, for the simple reason that he does not give himself the trouble. He only works about sixteen weeks of the year upon the stage, and this assures him all that he needs for his yearly maintenance without impairing in the least his capital. Mr. Jefferson's fortune is variously estimated at from \$400,000 to \$600,000. It is true that ever since he began to earn money rapidly he has consented to support a large number of relatives. He does this unostentatiously—never, in fact, mentioning the matter himself, yet it is a fact well known in the dramatic profession.

Among actresses, Charlotte Crabtree, better known on the stage as Lotta, is undoubtedly the wealthiest woman in the world who follows the profession of the stage. Most of the money is held in the name of her mother, who has been her manager ever since she first appeared as a little girl in a variety theatre in California. They are not far wrong who estimate Lotta's possessions at a good deal over \$1,000,000. Year after year she has earned from \$50,000 to \$70,000.

Her manner of living is, as a rule, frugal, and she has sustained only one loss of any consequence, and that was about \$20,000 a few years ago, when a young man to whom she was engaged to be married speculated with that amount of money. Though her powers of earnings have largely decreased, she is still good for about \$30,000 a year.

Maggie Mitchell is one of our wealthy actresses. She is computed to be worth a quarter of a million in cash, besides which she has large possessions in land at Long Branch and along the Jersey coast in just the positions going up in price with such surprising rapidity.

It is only ten years ago that she was compelled to sacrifice so small portion of these long rents possessions through foreclosed mortgages. She had placed all her earnings in land, and during the panic became property poor, for, as usually happens, her earnings as an actress at that very period decreased materially. She is now, however, more prosperous than ever before in her life.

The wealthiest among our managers is, undoubtedly, John Stetson, who owns a large printing office in Boston, a weekly paper that gives him a net income of \$1,000 a week, and a theatrical business that is almost invariably profitable. Mr. Stetson is not worth far from \$1,000,000, though his income is much in excess of what that amount of capital would bring.

The only other manager who runs him close is Mr. McVicker, of Chicago, the Nestor of the American stage, and who has made every dollar he owns through the dramatic profession. He is the father-in-law of Edwin Booth.

Another wealthy manager, who pays very little attention, however, to the theatrical business at present, is Mr. Spaulding, of St. Louis, another millionaire, but he was left all in St. Louis real estate by his father, the proprietor of a circus in the olden days. The old gentleman invested all his earnings in St. Louis real estate, and the son came into it when it had vastly appreciated.

THE WORK OF A VILLAIN.

A horrible butchery of two young girls and the burning of fifty head of cattle in Northfield township, near Akron, Ohio, was the afternoon work of a farm hand named Jenick, who has for a long time been in the employ of John Hoar, a wealthy farmer in that township. During the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Hoar, Jenick went into the house and made advances to kiss one of the girls, who are named Mamie and Mary. This being refused, he followed up his evil designs, and again being rebuffed, with the threat that he would be exposed to the girl's parents, he immediately seized a bar of iron and struck both girls upon their heads until they lay bleeding and apparently lifeless at his feet. Thinking that he had butchered both, he went to Mr. Hoar's great barn and fired it, which was completely consumed, together with twenty-three cows, twenty hogs, one horse and a great amount of grain and a large list of farm implements. The loss on barn and contents will be fully \$15,000.

Both girls are in a critical condition, the skull of one of them being fractured and her life is despaired of, while the sister is lying in a very critical condition. After the deed had finished his bloody work he deliberately walked to the home of a justice of the peace and gave himself up. Jenick is about twenty-two years old and has the face of a brute. When questioned about the affair he said that he did not know why he fired the barn. This most bloody piece of business has stirred up a terrible feeling.

OUR PICTURES.

The Chief Events of the Week Pictorially Delineated.

Yale's Yahoos.

On another page will be found a capital illustration of the recent outrageous attack made by a crowd of Yale students on a military hall at New Haven, Conn.

He Spoils the Situation.

The favorite collie dog of a well-known actress recently "broke up" her death scene in Romeo and Juliet by invading the tomb of the Capulets and licking off her face powder.

The Beggars of New York.

Our back page this week illustrates the great American beggar getting in his fine work on Broadway, and afterward banqueting on the "boodle" he collars from the great American sucker.

First Blood For John Chinaman.

The recent attack by so-called "Home Guards" on the American workmen of Seattle, Wyo. Terr., is illustrated on another page. It is the beginning of a desperate conflict between white labor and the greed of capital.

Salvation Horse Thieves.

John Southworth and Wm. Hall, members of the Salvation Army of Danbury, Conn., were recently arrested near Cobleskill, N. Y., by Detective Michael J. Keating. They hired the horse of a liveryman and drove into the country and after trading the horse for another one sold the whole equipage for \$60 and skipped the State.

Stealing Girls' Hair.

The police authorities of Philadelphia have received many complaints of girls having been robbed of their tresses while in street cars or in crowded stores. The other day an officer noticed a man among the crowds of shoppers on Eighth street, who seemed to be following two young ladies, both of whom had luxuriant braids of hair. The officer, following close to the man, observed him in the act of clipping the braids from the young ladies with a sharp pair of scissors. He at once arrested the man, who gave his name as John N. Henderson, and his age as thirty-eight years.

An Actress's Hair on Fire.

While the Boston Ideals were playing "Fra Diavolo" at New Haven, Feb. 4, in the bedroom scene Miss Mena Cleary's hair took fire from a candle and at once blazed up fiercely. The audience was panic stricken, women shrieked, one or two fainted and the men rose in their seats and made for the door. The leader of the orchestra called on the people to keep quiet, and Tom Karl, impersonating *Fra Diavolo*, rushed to Miss Cleary, and with his hands extinguished the blaze, but singeing his hands severely. He was heartily applauded. Miss Cleary nearly fainted, and it was with much difficulty that she resumed her part.

A Queer Combination.

Shortly before midnight on Feb. 11 a hack was driven to the carriage-house in front of the residence of Recorder Stevens, at Cohoes, N. Y., and two diminutive individuals alighted and entered the house. One was John O'Brien, a man without legs, who is known as the "Man Seal," having traveled with Barnum several years ago, wearing a sealskin and flopping about in the water to astonish the natives. The female was Miss Esther Bullock, a dwarf, and a member of the Salvation Army. O'Brien is also a Salvation Captain in another city. Recorder Stevens tied the knot. It is said that the parents of the young lady had posted several of the clergymen in the city not to perform the ceremony, hence the call on the recorder. The combined height of the couple is scarcely seven feet.

"Little George."

Friday evening a small man with a red face and very light hair walked into the Westminster Hotel hallway. He sauntered on toward the stairway, and as he passed the hat rack he took a coat as if it were his own and went up stairs to the rear parlor. After a time one of the guests of the hotel—Winthrop Gordon—came from the dining room and in an excited manner announced the theft of his \$75 beaver overcoat. The little man with light hair was found calmly reading a paper in the back part of the rear parlor. He had the overcoat on his back. Mr. Gordon recognized the garment as his own, and at about the same time the detective saw the little man's face. Glances of mutual recognition passed all around. Then the little man was placed under arrest. He proved to be Geo. Beggs, aged thirty-two, known as "Little George."

When the trial of the Malley boys for the supposed murder of Jennie Cramer was in progress Beggs spent a considerable portion of a year in jail. He was the lover of Blanche Douglass, who introduced Jennie Cramer to the Malleys, and as such was a suspected character.

How Public Lands Are Stolen.

A recent visitor from Colorado says that the works of the company which supplies the city of Denver with water are situated upon land obtained through titles issued upon fraudulent homestead entries. The way it was done was this: A toy house, two stories high, neatly painted, 16 inches by 24 and 30 inches in height, was made. It had a handle upon the ridge-pole of its roof. The would-be homesteader would take this house in one hand and a blanket over his arm. He would then proceed to a quarter section, set up his house and lie down by the side of it in his blanket and spend the night there. The next morning he would dig up the land for a few feet with a spade. After that he would go directly to the Register's office and make oath that he had taken up a certain quarter section of land, had erected a house two stories, 16 by 24, leaving it to be inferred that he meant feet instead of inches, that he had slept there and that he had made improvements upon the land. When the title was issued to him the house would be handed over to another homesteader to repeat this process on other quarter sections. In this way the company acquired a large block of land.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

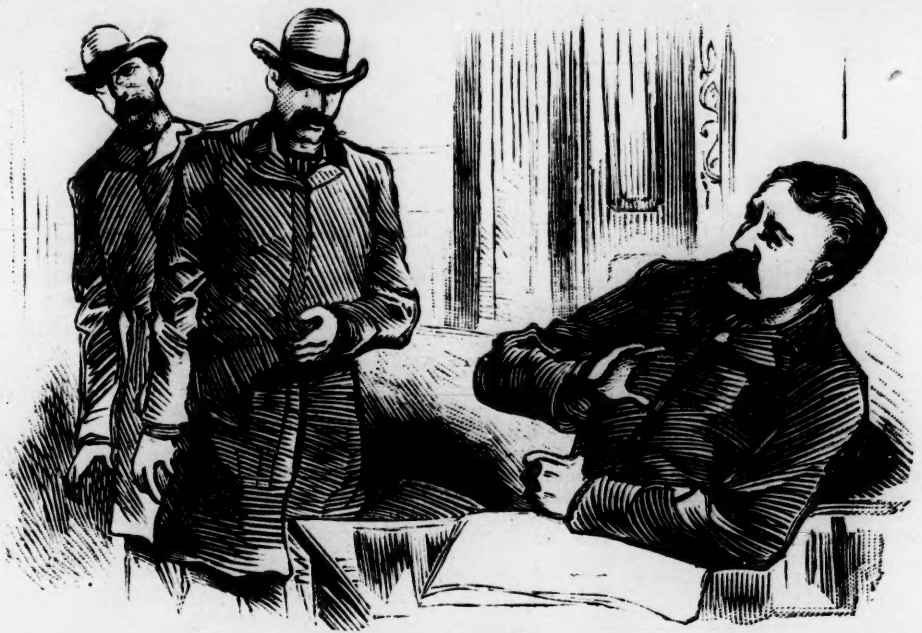
MARKED BENEFIT IN INDIGESTION.

Dr. A. L. HALL, Fair Haven, N. Y., says: "Have prescribed it with marked benefit in indigestion and urinary troubles."



A QUEER COMBINATION.

JOHN O'BRIEN THE LEGLESS MAN-SEAL OF BARNUM'S CIRCUS MARRIES A DWARF MAIDEN OF COHOES, N. Y.



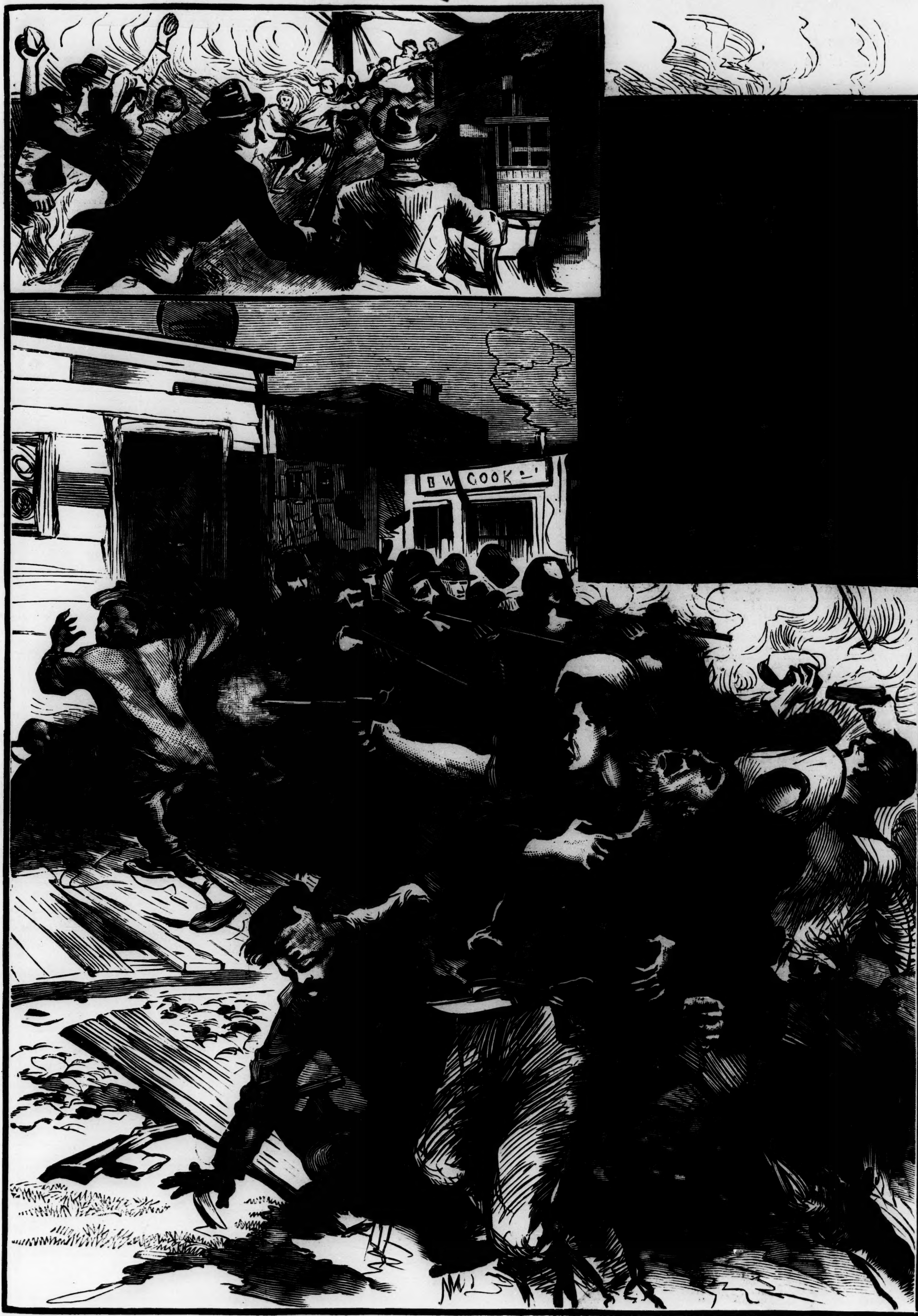
BOLD THEFT.

LITTLE GEORGE BEGGS, EX-LOVER OF BLANCHE DOUGLASS, STEALS AN OVERCOAT IN THE WESTMINSTER HOTEL, N. Y.



A BLAZING BEAUTY.

MISS MINA CLEARY'S HAIR CATCHES FIRE WHILE PLAYING IN FRA DIAVOLO AT NEW HAVEN, CT.



FIRST BLOOD FOR JOHN CHINAMAN.

HOW THE MONGOLIAN LEPERS OF SEATTLE, WYOMING TERRITORY, WERE PROTECTED FROM EXPULSION AT THE COST OF INDUSTRIOUS AMERICANS' LIVES.

PUGILISTIC NEWS.

A Close and Accurate Resume of the Arenic Events of the Week.

At New York, Feb. 9. Bill Parkus and Jim Lewis (Dutch Lew) fought 7 rounds, 13 minutes, London prize rules. Mickey Donnelly, the well-known feather-weight, was referee. The battle ended in a draw. Both are fishmongers.

Richard Matthews, the brother of Samuel Matthews, who arrived recently from Australia, where he has defeated every fighter who has faced him, will act as boxing instructor for the club members of the California Athletic Club.

John Fallon, of Brooklyn, Mike Donovan's pupil, and Tommy Banks, colored, fought 6 rounds, according to Queensbury rules, on Feb. 9, for a purse. The battle ended in a draw. Jack Dempsey was referee. Banks was seconded by Ed Connors, and Mike Muir seconded Fallon.

Billy Oliver, of Harlem, N. Y., writes that he will match Tommy Danforth, the amateur champion feather weight, against Tommy Warren, of Walla Walla, now in Louisville, Ky. Warren recently defeated Johnny Murphy, of Boston. Oliver wants to arrange the match for \$500 or \$1,000 a side, and will cover any deposit posted with Richard K. Fox.

At Norfolk, Pa., Feb. 8, James T. Saunders, middle-weight champion of Norfolk, and Fred Winston, of Frederick, Va., fought according to the Marquis of Queensbury rules to a finish. After fighting three hard-fought rounds, Saunders failed to come to time for the fourth round, so the fight was given to Winston. The fight was witnessed by only a few, as it had to be kept quiet.

Dick Matthews, of San Bernardino, Cal., has won fifteen hard-fought battles during his trip to New Zealand. He stands 5 ft 11 inches in height and weighs 190 pounds trained. He is coming on East to see Richard K. Fox, to induce the latter to back him against any of the heavy weights except Sullivan. Matthews, in his letter, states that he is certain he can whip any pugilist in the world except Sullivan. The Australian press state that he is a phenomenon.

The proposed static encounter between John L. Sullivan and Paddy Ryan is still the topic of conversation in sporting circles. On Feb. 10 Sullivan forwarded the following bold deft to this office. Read it:

Boston, Mass., Feb. 9.

To the Sporting Editor:

Will you please publish the following, my last offer to Paddy Ryan, who claims to be from New York: I will fight him with gloves, just thin enough to avoid the law, in any room or hall he may designate in the United States, within four weeks from signing articles, for \$5,000 a side, not more than five of either his or my friends to be present. My reason for naming the sum of \$5,000 is this: When I first signed articles with Ryan (and afterward "whipped" him at Mississippi City) Ryan kicked, wanting to fight for the sum of \$3,000. At that time I was but comparatively speaking, an unknown, while he was in the zenith of his glory. The rules of the ring expressly state that \$2,500, or \$500, is the extent that the holder of the championship could retain his laurels at. The world knows how the battle ended; and now I say to Paddy Ryan either put up or hold your peace. If you, Ryan, wish to come to my terms to fight me to a finish for \$5,000, telegraph my business manager in Boston, who will at once proceed to New York and put up the forfeit—the entire amount if necessary, with Richard K. Fox. If you, Ryan, refuse to accede to this I will brand you as a coward.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN.

Articles of agreement were signed at the "Police Gazette" office recently between Joe Heiser, Jr., of Brooklyn, E. D., and John McAuliffe, the light-weight champion, to box 4 rounds, Queensbury rules, for \$150 a side (open to \$300 a side), and the winner to take sixty-five and the loser thirty-five per cent. of the gate receipts. According to the agreement, McAuliffe is to stop or knock out Heiser in 4 rounds. If he fails to do so Heiser will receive \$300 and 65 per cent. of the gate receipts. Richard K. Fox is to be final stakeholder and appoint a referee. The contest is to be decided on Monday, April 5, at Heiser's Assembly Rooms Broadway, Williamsburg. Heiser was so confident that McAuliffe could not knock him out or stop him in four three-minute rounds that he offered to make the match for \$300 instead of \$150 a side.

There is every prospect of a prize fight being arranged between Jack Ashton, Billy Madden's wonder, and Dave Campbell of Portland, Oregon, for \$1,000. Madden called at the Police Gazette office on Feb. 13 and deposited \$100 with Richard K. Fox, with the following challenge:

New York, Feb. 13, 1886.

To the Sporting Editor:

I have heard so much newspaper talk from Paddy Ryan about fighting John L. Sullivan, and being under the impression that no match will be arranged, I hereby offer to match John Ashton to fight the following pugilists: Paddy Ryan, of Chicago; John Kitten, of Chicago; Dominick McCaffrey, of Philadelphia, or J. Conley, of Syracuse, N. Y., upon the following conditions: London prize ring, Queensbury rules, or bare knuckles, either a limited number of rounds or to a finish with small gloves for \$1,000 a side, Richard K. Fox to be final stakeholder and select the referee; or Ashton shall box any of the above-named pugilists, Queensbury rules, in any city in the United States, the winner to take the whole of the gate receipts. Ashton has beaten every pugilist he met and never met with a defeat or fought a draw. He stands 5 feet 10½ inches in height, weighs 175 pounds and is twenty-two years of age. He has just as good a record as any pugilist in America, and to prove I mean business I have posted \$100 forfeit with Richard K. Fox. The many pugilists who pretend they are willing to fight will have no draw-back if they will only agree to meet Ashton, who I think is the coming champion. Money talks. Wm. Madden.

On Feb. 15, Jack Dempsey on reading the challenge, in company with Gus Tuthill, Al Powers and Dave Campbell, called at the Police Gazette office, and Dempsey posted \$100 with Richard K. Fox and accepted the challenge, offering to match Dave Campbell against Ashton on the terms proposed by Madden.

Tom O'Donnell, the champion of Michigan, and Jim Fell, Toronto, Can., were to have boxed 8 rounds, Queensbury rules, at Chase's Opera House, Kalamazoo, on Feb. 8, but were only allowed to box 4. About 500 persons were present. Frank Kane and Marsh Byers, of Grand Rapids, were the judges, and James Forbes, the well-known sporting man of Grand Rapids, was timekeeper and referee. H. Harrigan officiated as master of ceremonies. Fell was seconded by Al McAllister, of Kansas City, and O'Donnell's second was his brother, Ed. O'Donnell, of Grand Rapids.

Round 1—Was marked by some of the most spirited sparring in the match. O'Donnell displayed surprising qualities and got in some good work on his opponent. The round was an exciting one and closed with vociferous cheers.

2—The audience, knowing the ease with which Fell had knocked the Grand Rapids pugilist out in a recent encounter, was astonished at O'Donnell's behavior. He fought well and some hard blows were exchanged. Contestants clinched once or twice but were easily separated by the referee.

3—O'Donnell started out with a stem-winder on Fell's chin and the two got warmed up to business. They clinched in their earnestness several times but were separated with little difficulty and the entire audience continued in a highly excited state of mind until the close of the round.

4—The contestants got down to business with the promptness of men who realize that there is no time to lose and each rained blows on the other with great energy for several seconds. O'Donnell got in a stinger on Fell's ear after some sparring. The Canadian champion also got in some excellent work and the lively set-to-round and round the stage presented some of the car marks of earnest, painstaking effort instead of a friendly sparring match for scientific points. Just before time was called in the fourth round Chief of Police Lamb climbed upon the stage and announced to those chiefly interested that Messrs. Fell and O'Donnell were plainly getting warmed up too much and that it would be his duty to terminate the entertainment. The referees announced that the match was declared a draw and the spectators dispersed. Prior to the contest there was several very interesting set-to between Donohue, of New York, Watson, of Grand Rapids, Larry and John Keeler, Johnny Roach, the champion feather-weight of Michigan, and Yank Van Dine, Lew Payne and Billy Ormsby.

FROM WEEK TO WEEK WE WILL PUBLISH A PRIZING CHRONOLOGY OF THE FISTIC ENCOUNTERS OF 1885.

Aug. 29—Jack Driscoll beat J. D. Simpson, gloves, gate money, 3 rounds, Lincoln, Neb.

Aug. 29—Jack Dempsey beat Billy Manning, gloves, 7 rounds, gate money, Los Angeles, Cal.

Aug. 29—J. Peters beat E. Dillon, gloves, 3 rounds, Detroit, Mich.

Aug. 29—Pete McKelroy beat Billy McFayre, bare knuckles, \$250 a side, 1 round, East Chester, N. Y.

Aug. 29—John L. Sullivan beat D. McCaffrey, gate money, gloves, 6 rounds, Cincinnati, O.

Aug. 29—G. Tynall beat P. J. Dolan, bare knuckles, \$100, 1 round, London prize ring rules, Jefferson, Iowa.

Aug. 31—George Brooker beat Johnny Woods, bare gloves, purse, 4 rounds, Salem, Mass.

Aug. 31—Joe Lawson beat Gus Fachner, gloves, 4 rounds, \$100, Jamaica, L. I.

Aug. 31—Fair Play Club boxing competitions. Light weight W. Tracy beat J. Snee, foul; Middle weight Pete Kerrigan beat Gus Sullivan.

Aug. 31—J. Hall beat G. Powell, \$500 a side, gloves, 3 rounds, Sydney.

Sept. 1—Harry Gilmore beat M. Baker, gate money, soft gloves, 6 rounds, Ottawa, Ont.

Sept. 2—J. F. Gray and P. F. Ryan fought a draw, hard gloves, 2 rounds, gate money, \$50 a side, police interfered, Worcester, Mass.

Sept. 2—Joe Lannan beat Ed McKown, foul, gloves, 4 rounds, \$150, Neche, D. T.

Sept. 3—W. E. Keifer, a comedian, beat L. M. Warren a miner 3 rounds, purse, off hand, Pans, Ill.

Sept. 4—Jack Beck beat Jim Werts, hard gloves, 37 rounds, \$300, near Pittsburgh, Pa.

Sept. 4—Harry Maynard's "Buffalo" beat George Hamill, hard gloves, 5 rounds, purse, San Francisco, Cal.

Sept. 4—Jack Smith beat Mike Williams, 5 rounds, hard gloves \$100, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Sept. 4—Con Tobin fought a draw with Ed Connors, soft gloves, 8 rounds, gate money, police interfered, Troy, N. Y.

Sept. 5—Hugh Morris knocked out Charles Rau, 5 minutes, Chicago, Ill.

Sept. 5—Jack Keefe beat Billy Burns, 6 rounds, Plattville, Wis.

Sept. 5—Jack Burke beat Mike Ritchie, gloves, 1 round, purse, Du buque, Iowa.

Sept. 6—Jack Burke beat Mike Haley, 4 rounds, Des Moines, Iowa.

Sept. 7—Tommy Chandler beat Jack Gallagher, hard gloves, 3 rounds, Kansas City.

Sept. 8—Jim Fell beat Alf Cline, hard gloves, 2 rounds, 7 minutes, gate money, Port Huron, Mich.

Sept. 8—Mike Driscoll beat Mike Barney, foul, hard gloves, 7 rounds, purse, South Berwick, Me.

Sept. 8—Young Badger beat Joe Woolly gloves, 4 rounds, gate money, Fall River, Mass.

Sept. 9—Ed McKown beat Jack O'Keefe, 2 rounds, Grand Forks, D. T.

Sept. 10—Billy Morgan beat George A. Edwards, foul, \$100, Bat-chelder's Island, Cal.

Sept. 10—Peters beat Butts, 3 rounds, Detroit, Mich.

Sept. 11—John Carney beat Jim Ford, hard gloves, 9 rounds, \$5 Amanda, Ohio.

Sept. 12—Frank Glover beat Tommy Hinch, gloves, 4 rounds, gate money, Milwaukee, Wis.

Sept. 12—Dave Campbell beat Jim Kelly, bare knuckles, 14 rounds, 15 minutes 30 seconds, London prize ring rules, \$1,000, Kalamazoo, W. T.

Sept. 13—Len McGregor beat Bill Black, skin gloves, 5 rounds, 17 minutes, \$500 a side, Kaufman county, Tex.

Sept. 14—B. Melish fought a draw with B. Matty, 52 rounds, \$100, 1 hour 28 minutes, police interfered, London, Eng.

Sept. 14—Jim Jones beat G. P. Clow, foul, gloves, 12 rounds, \$100 a side, Aspen, Col.

Sept. 14—"Butcher" beat Tush, 20 rounds, 30 minutes, satisfaction, Northamptonshire, Eng.

Sept. 14—Jack Cowper beat Jim Cahill, hard gloves, 6 rounds, room, El Paso, Tex.

Sept. 15—Pete McCoy fought a draw with George La Blanche, the Marine, small gloves, 5 rounds, purse, Franklin Park, Mass.

Sept. 15—Joe Lannan beat Ed McKown, hard gloves, 2 rounds, purse, foul, Grand Forks, D. T.

Sept. 16—Harry Gilmore fought a draw with George Fulljames, small gloves, 2 rounds, police interfered, near Buffalo, N. Y.

Sept. 17—Tom Robinson (colored) fought a draw with Jim Fell, hard gloves, 6 rounds, 23 minutes, gate money, Troy, N. Y.

Sept. 18—J. Ralston fought a draw with J. Cormack, purse, Chicago, Ill.

Sept. 18—Dan Johnson beat J. C. Wright, gloves, 3 rounds, purse, Chicago, Ill.

Sept. 18—Jack Dempsey beat Tom Norton, gloves, 4 rounds, gate money, Sacramento, Cal.

Sept. 21—Jack Stewart beat John Fraser, gloves, New York city.

Sept. 23—Jack Conboy beat John Bryant, gloves, 2 rounds, satisfaction, Boston, Mass.

Sept. 24—Tom Hinch beat Johnny Murphy, gloves, 5 rounds, gate money, Chicago, Ill.

Sept. 25—Frank Wear beat Billy Hagerman, gloves, 5 rounds, gate money, Chicago, Ill.

Sept. 26—Billy Robinson beat D. O'Kelly, gloves, 10 rounds, \$100, Santa Barbara, Cal.

Sept. 26—John Joyce beat Pat Burke, hard gloves, 4 rounds, \$200, near Pittsburgh, Pa.

Sept. 27—Jim Stevens beat Jack Dalton, 11 rounds, \$25 a side, Reading, Pa.

Sept. 27—Sam Stehman beat Jack Dillon, bare knuckles, London prize ring rules, 12 rounds, satisfaction, near Reading, Pa.

Sept. 27—Charles Johnson beat Scotty Hill, gloves, 6 rounds, \$75, Silverton, Col.

Sept. 28—Frank Glover beat Billy Ford, gloves, 3 rounds, \$100, Chicago, Ill.

Sept. 28—Bill Morrissey beat Frank Murphy, bare knuckles, foul, 50 rounds, 3 hours, \$200, near Scotland, Pa.

Sept. 29—Jack Taylor fought a draw with Billy Buckler, gloves, 6 rounds, purse, Auburn, N. Y.

Sept. 30—Jack Burke fought a draw with J. P. Clow, small gloves, 4 rounds, gate money, Denver, Col.

Oct. 2—Jim Fell beat Sam Grof, gloves, 1 round, gate money, Dayton, Ohio.

Oct. 2—Pat H. Teelan beat C. Kelly, bare knuckles, 3 rounds, 11 minutes, London prize ring rules, \$200, Williamsburg, N. Y.

Oct. 2—Ed Berry beat James Donnelly, foul, bare knuckles, 4 rounds, "Police Gazette" rules, \$100, near Pittsburgh, Pa.

Oct. 2—J. Dempsey fought a draw with Fred Sommers, 6 rounds, purse, Chicago, Ill.

Oct. 2—J. F. Carroll fought a draw with Billy Fraser, gloves, 4 rounds, gate money, North Adams, Mass.

Oct. 5—Tom Gillespie beat Jack Sheridan, hard gloves, 6 rounds, \$500, near Syracuse, N. Y.

Oct. 5—Bill Gable beat Ben Bailey, colored, gloves, 3 rounds, gate money, Philadelphia, Pa.

Oct. 6—Billy Bradburn beat James Duffy, gloves, 2 rounds, gate money, Chicago, Ill.

Oct. 7—Jim Berry fought a draw with Mike Smith, gloves, 4 rounds, gate money, police interfered, Hamilton, O.

Oct. 9—Billy Robinson beat S. Kamp, gloves, 1 round, \$50, San Buenaventura, Cal.

Oct. 9—Tom Warren beat Chas. Whitney, gloves, 6 rounds, gate money, Cincinnati, O.

Oct. 9—Jack Ralston beat C. Abbott, gloves, 5 rounds, purse, Chicago, Ill.

Oct. 9—Alf Bates beat Mike Rooney, bare knuckles, 2 rounds, purse, near Butte, Mont.

Oct. 10—Jack Burke fought a draw with J. P. Clow, gloves 2 rounds, gate money, Leadville, Col.

Oct. 10—George Bailey beat Dan Sullivan, 5 rounds, \$100, Laramie City, Wyo.

Oct. 10—Harry Stewart beat Jack Campbell, gloves, 1 round, 4 minutes 30 seconds, Olympia, W. T.

Oct. 10—Jack Jones beat Joe Graham, hard gloves, 4 rounds, gate money, Silverton, Col.

Oct. 11—Billy Hamilton beat Frank King, hard gloves, 10 rounds, \$500, San Jose, Cal.

Oct. 12—Pat Kitten beat John Morris, gloves, 2 rounds, purse, Chicago, Ill.

Oct. 12—Jack Lawrence fought a draw with Bill Butts, gloves, 1 rounds, gate money, police interfered, Alpena, Mich.

Oct. 12—Jack Cash beat Harry Brown, gloves, 5 rounds, \$200, Ottawa, Ont.

Oct. 12—Tom McManus fought a draw with Mike Daley, gloves, 6 rounds, gate money, St. John, N. B.

SPORTING NEWS.

TO PATRONS AND PROMOTERS OF MANLY SPORT.

The editorial parlors of this newspaper are always at the disposition of all classes of bona fide sporting men, whether they call out of curiosity, to obtain information or arrange matches. No such offices are to be seen anywhere else in the world. Among their remarkable attractions are championship emblems and badges, magnificent trophies and pictures and other objects of exceptional interest. Not the least notable of these is the celebrated portrait, by the well-known artist, Drokun, of John L. Sullivan, which is a full-length picture representing the champion in full ring costume. It stands five feet in height, and is conceded to be the most striking portrait of a pugilist in existence. Sporting men, in addition to these features, are assured of a cordial and hospitable greeting.

Jim McHugh has challenged Jimmy Mitchell, of Philadelphia, to fight for \$1,000.

Pete Daly, of Bangor, is matched to fight Jack McAuliffe on Washington's birthday.

Mickey Coburn, who recently broke a rib by falling on a slippery pavement, is out again.

Jem Mace has opened a saloon in London, and at last advises he was doing a thriving business.

Col. John S. Cunningham, the paymaster of the navy, is making the Ebbitt, Washington, his residence for the winter.

Bill England, the weight-carrier and pugilist, who was in this country two years ago, is now selling sawdust in London.

The New York "Sun," Feb. 11, says: "Richard K. Fox has sent nearly \$1,000 in trophies to Canada to be competed for by the champion athletes."

Arthur Mullen, of Brooklyn, N. Y., says he will match Paddy Smith, who recently fought a draw with Billy Fraser, against Joe Lannan, of South Boston, to fight to a finish for \$500.

It is announced that Jack Dempsey and Joe Ellingsworth have been matched to spar 10 rounds, Queensbury rules, for points, at Oakland Park, Jersey City, on the afternoon of Feb. 22.

Wm. E. Shepherd has opened a boxing school at Lincoln, Ill. He invites all athletes to give him a call. Shepherd's class consists of students. Many are already very clever with the mittens.

Jerry Murphy and Jimmy Kelly are doing a great business with their sketches in London, Eng. Their set-toe bring down loud applause, and they have no trouble in procuring engagements.

Chicago people think that with Bob Ferguson and Gaffney the East will have its share of umpires, and they would like representatives from out their way. Dave Sullivan, who tried his hand last year, is mentioned.

Since Jem Mace's "Stiff 'Un" returned to England he has been making a good living by selling photos of John L. Sullivan and Paddy Ryan at an shilling each. The photos were taken by John Wood, of 208 Bowery, New York.

The Centennial Rowing and Athletic Association will give a public exhibition and boxing tournament at Merrill Hall, Detroit, on Feb. 24, when a valuable gold medal will be given to the amateur champion middle-weight sparrer of Detroit.

David Campbell, the champion pugilist of Oregon, was presented with a gold headed cane while on a visit to Youngstown, Ohio. On the cane is the following inscription: "Presented to David Campbell by his Youngstown friends, Jan. 23, 1886."

Mickey Donnelly, the ex-champion feather-weight pugilist of Walla Walla, formerly of this city, is again back on the old camping ground, and intends to reside here. He makes George Slier's sporting house, No. 6 Prince street, his headquarters.

Billy Madden's champion, Jack Ashton, has created quite a furor by knocking out four heavy weights in one week in his engagement at the Theatre Comique, Philadelphia. They were Jim Donnelly, John Dougherty, Jack Nash and Denny Kelleher.

Providence's new Eastern League club has signed J. J. Piggott, of New Bedford, and he is to select the team. He has at ready secured Tommy McCarthy, who was with the Bostonians last year; Sylvester, the Brooklyn pitcher; W. H. Sullivan, a Fall River twirler; Carrigan and Flynn, two Providence catchers.

Pete McCoy writes that he hurt his hands in the set-to with Mike Boden at the Theatre Comique, Philadelphia, on Feb. 8. Old breaks in both little fingers were injured, and he also sprained his right thumb. He was in no condition to spar that night, having just begun training for his match with Jack Dempsey.

Wm. Bradburn of Chicago, champion heavy-weight of Illinois, has arrived in Arkansas, and will remain some time as a guest of Bob Farrell, of New York at the Hot Springs. It is probable that an exhibition will be arranged by Bob Farrell at an early date, when \$50 will be awarded any man who will stand up before Bradburn four rounds.

The Detroit baseballists are great men in their city as well as in their club. Director Molony is Collector of Internal Revenue at \$4,000 a year; President Marsh is Park Commissioner; Director Welles is Circuit Court Commissioner; Director Durfee is Judge of Probate; Scorer B. Frank Wright is Assistant Fire Marshal. One of the pitchers is a graduate of Cornell University, while another of the nine writes poetry.

On Feb. 9 at the cup prize shoot of the Coney Island Rod and Gun Club, C. W. Wingert won the prize silver cup in class A by killing 7 birds straight, and Shevlin in class B, who killed 7 birds straight, using his second barrel twice, won in his class. The former shot at 29 yards, and the latter at 21. The special prize given by J. A. Tompkins was won by J. C. De traupe. He killed 9 out of 10 birds at 26 yards rise.

Mike Haley, of Le Mars, Iowa, and "Prof." Jack Keefe, of Des Moines, Iowa, are matched to fight with small, hard gloves, to take place in Le Mars, Ia., March 20, for \$100 a side. A forfeit of \$25 a side is now up. Both men have fought before a number of times, are game, and a rattling fight is looked for. Heavy wagers are already laid on the result, as both men have many friends hereabouts. They fight at catch weights, and the motto is: "May the best man win."

On Feb. 15 all arrangements were made for the glove contest between Jack Dempsey and George La Blanche to meet in a contest for \$1,000 a side and an extra purse of \$1,500. It will be a fight to a finish, Queensbury rules to govern, small gloves. The winner will take everything. The purse has been made up by twenty gentlemen interested in the manly art, each of whom pays \$75 for the privilege of seeing the contest. Each, however, is permitted to bring one friend along.

Recently there was an athletic exhibition given by the Centennial Rowing and Athletic Association at their gymnasium rooms, Detroit, on Feb. 5, complimentary to the honorary members and friends of the association. There were several very interesting bouts in sparring, catch-as-catch-can and Greco-Roman wrestling, also an exhibition of four oared crews on rowing machines, showing the "Dude" stroke, the "Gilt Thar" stroke and the famous Centennial "Little Four" stroke.

A great blowing match was decided at this office on Feb. 15, between David Campbell, of Portland, Oregon, and Jack Dempsey, the champion of middle-weights. Each agreed to have three trials for a purse. Messrs. Al Powers and Wm. E. Harding were the judges, while Gus Tuthill, Dempsey's backer, was referee. On the first trial Campbell blew 320, Dempsey then made 240. On the second trial Campbell blew 350 and Dempsey tied him. On the third trial Campbell blew 370 while all Dempsey could blow was 365. Campbell was declared the winner.

An important wrestling match was arranged recently between Hugh Keenan, the well-known wrestler of Nicetown, Pa., and Benny Jones, the famous wrestler of Newark, N. J., formerly of Scranton. The following articles of agreement explain themselves.

Articles of agreement entered into this 12th day of February, 1886, between Benny Jones, of Newark, N. J., and Hugh Keenan, of Nicetown, Pa. The said Benny Jones and the said Hugh Keenan do hereby agree to wrestle, best two in three falls; catch-as-catch-can style. "Police Gazette" rules to govern, for the sum of \$250 a side, and the winner to take 65 and the loser 35 per cent. of the gate and door money. The said match to take place at Newark, New Jersey, between the first and ninth days of March, 1886. The sporting editor of the Police Gazette, to be final stakeholder and to act as referee. The sum of \$100 a side

is now deposited in the hands of the stakeholder, and the second and final deposit of \$150 a side must be posted with William E. Harding, at Newark, N. J., on the evening of the match, and one hour before the contest begins. The party failing to put in an appearance or make good the final deposit to forfeit all claim to the stakes previously deposited. In pursuance of this agreement we hereby attach our names.

WM. E. HARDING, HUGH KEENAN,

CHARLES NORTON, BENNY JONES.

All arrangements were made at the "Police Gazette" office recently, between Jack Dempsey, the champion middleweight pugilist of America, and Pete McCoy, of New Jersey, who also claims to be the middle-weight champion, for their static encounter, which is to be decided at the Oakland Blasting Risk, Jersey City, on Wednesday, the 24th inst. An agreement was signed for Dempsey and McCoy to box six 3 minute rounds, according to Queensbury rules, with small gloves, the winner to take the whole of the gate receipts after expenses are paid. It was also agreed between McCoy's backer and Gus Tuthill, who is Dempsey's backer, that independent to the gate money that the principals should box for a private wager of \$250 a side. The stakes were posted with Richard K. Fox by the backers of the respective pugilists, which will make the match more interesting. Dempsey, with his trainers, has returned to Newburg, where he will continue taking regular exercises under the mentorship of Tom Cleary, of San Francisco, and Tom Campbell, of Portland, Oregon. Pete McCoy is training at McMahon's at Coney Island under the mentorship of Frank Evans, where he will remain until the day of the fight. McCoy's friends are confident that he will give Dempsey the hardest battle he ever had, many claiming that he is superior to any pugilist Dempsey has so far met in the arena. On the other hand, Dempsey's admirers are certain he will win and will wager a large sum on the chances of the success.

Arrangements were nearly completed at the "Police Gazette" office recently for an international rowing regatta for \$5,000 and the championship of the world, to be held in this vicinity in July. The promoters of the affair are ex-Senator J. H. Oakley, of Brooklyn, Mr. T. J. Brosnan, of Rockaway, and Mr. Richard K. Fox. It was decided by these gentlemen to offer \$10,000 in cash prizes if Wm. Beach will enter, if not, the \$5,000 purse will be divided as follows: \$2,500 to the winner, \$1,500 to second, \$750 to third, and \$250 to fourth. Entrance fee, \$100, to be divided between the contestants. The race to be rowed in heats, distance one mile and a half, straight away, and the race to be rowed at Rockaway, N. Y., in July. Edward Hanlan has already signified his intention of competing, also Joseph Lange, of Montreal. It is expected that Perkins, the English champion, Joe Langan and George Bubeck, of England, will also enter. If Beach agrees to enter Richard K. Fox, J. H. Oakley and T. J. Brosnan will make first money \$5,000, and allow Beach \$500 for expenses if he wins and \$1,000 if he loses; so that he will make \$500 by the trip to America whether he is successful or not. The purse will be deposited with the National Park Bank. The rules of the National Amateur Rowing Association will govern the contest. It is also contemplated by Messrs. Richard K. Fox, J. H. Oakley and T. J. Brosnan to arrange a double-scutt race for a \$5,000 purse and the championship

THE REFEREE.

His Thoughts, Opinions and Expressions on Matters of Sporting Interest.

The Pittsburgh club will pay \$14,400 the coming year as the salaries of its five catchers and five pitchers; the total expense account of the club is expected to be kept under \$40,000.

I understand Wallace Ross is going to write Neil Masterson, who was recently defeated by Wm. Beach, that he will arrange a match with him for \$5,000 a side.

This is a large amount of money for Ross to row for, but he should have no trouble in finding a backer to match him against Masterson, who is not yet developed into anything like championship form.

Why don't Ross arrange a race nearer home.

Jake Gaudaur would like to meet Ross in a race on any water.

Edward Hanlan, by way of exercise, would be only too pleased to row Ross any distance for \$1,000 a side and upward, and I understand that Lange, the Montreal oarsman, is also seriously thinking of arranging a race with Ross.

Now, with these opportunities I should think Ross had better ratify matches nearer home than waste ink, paper and valuable time in trying to arrange a match with Neil Masterson.

By the way, if Ross intends to engage in any races, he advise him to arrange and row them before he attempts to paddle through the whirlpool at Niagara.

I think if Ross, with his partner Plaisted, does contemplate making a trip through the whirlpool the boat builders who make Ross' racing shells should insist on Ross and Plaisted paying for their shells before they make the trip.

After Ross and Plaisted start, Ross and Plaisted's 100 U will not be worth the paper their signatures are written on.

I think the recent chess game between Steinitz and Zukertort at St. Louis was a fizzle.

After the game had progressed up to the twenty-second move Zukertort did not have a 10 to 1 chance and both agreed to a draw.

I understand the reason assigned was that the players were very tired and that it was a position that would result in a draw.

I think it is remarkable that Zukertort should be fatigued when he had spent but 20 minutes on the game, and it is equally surprising that in such a fine ending, with twenty-two pieces on the board with almost a certainty of intricate positions arising that would give full scope to their strategic powers, they did not play it out to a draw for the benefit of the public, instead of merely assuming that such would be the case.

Beach's victory over Neil Masterson, at Sydney, N. S. W., on Dec. 18, was a foregone conclusion. Beach had the race won, in my opinion, after the protocol was signed and the match ratified, for what chance had Masterson to conquer a man weighing fully 30 pounds more than he did, besides it was hard enough for Masterson to meet Beach on the only course he will row over, let alone give him 30 pounds.

Weight will tell, no matter whether it is in a prize ring encounter, dog controversy, cock fight or a boat race.

To sum the matter up in a nutshell, Beach beat a boy who was not within a quarter of a mile of rowing a fast race for the championship.

By the way, Beach appears willing to row against boys, why don't he row against champions?

The proprietor of this paper will match Edward Hanlan to row the champion of Australia for \$5,000 or \$10,000 and allow him \$1,000 win or lose to row at Rockaway.

The race can be arranged any time the Australian only whispers by letter or telegraph he will row.

When a man is down it is usually down with him.

Many think Hanlan has seen his best days.

I clipped the following from the "Daily News," N. Y., Feb. 9: "The fastest and best team out on the road yesterday was Sir Mohawk and Nellie Sontag, owned and driven by Richard K. Fox. They represented \$10,000, and their speed and style were greatly admired."

One of the encouraging signs of the times is the growing taste manifested by the young ladies for athletic sports of the field and stream. Fox hunting, angling and shooting each claims many fair devotees.

On the continent of Europe and in England and Scotland it has not been an uncommon thing to see ladies take the shooting field.

In the Black Forest, in Germany, ladies assisted at the battues. Lady Abinger, who was a Miss Magruder, niece of Gen. Magruder, of Confederate army fame, always took part in the opening of the grouse season at her moor at Banvic, Scotland.

She was an admirable shot and an untiring walker. In this country until recently only a limited number of ladies, and those Southerners, ever took up the breech-loader, and this was usually preliminary to a breach of promise suit.

Now a large number of very light-weight guns of very small calibre are imported to this country for ladies' use, and a goodly number of charming girls join the gentlemen in a morning's shooting.

One of the best shots in the West is the wife of an official of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad.

She is death on ducks and prairie chickens. Then there is a Keokuk, Iowa, girl who can paralyze snipe as fast as they get up, and there is some talk of getting up a young ladies' clay pigeon club at Newark.

As I frequently have stated, no question in connection with racing can surpass, perhaps I should say equal, in importance, that of the production of the thoroughbred.

Upon the choice of a sire at this time of the year, a breeder's success or failure in this department will mainly depend.

A good race-horse may at times be produced by chance. This, however, very rarely occurs, and high merit in the thoroughbred is only to be acquired by the adoption of certain well-defined rules.

If breeders neglect those, failure is almost sure to ensue, whereas, if followed, the result will probably be satisfactory.

These rules should be carefully studied by all owners of brood mares, while those who undertake the grave responsibility of introducing sires to the public, should be thoroughly conversant with their precepts.

There are certain strains of blood indispensable. These must be mixed with other strains which nullify the effects of over-fine breeding.

The hard crosses are always useful in conjunction with those chiefly distinguished for quality.

The distinction to be made is that one is desirable, whereas the other is indispensable. We may have the strong crosses, but we must have the fine ones.

An unseemly and rancorous war of words over the records made at the Springfield tournament has been a much-to-be-regretted feature of the last two months' cycling events. Several of the leading English papers decline to accept the records without further evidence of their authenticity than was at first furnished, and this refusal naturally excited the ire of the American papers who felt that the good faith of American wheelmen had been impugned.

Reprimandations followed and a far from edifying spectacle and bitter taunts and mean insinuations flying across the Atlantic has been presented. To the unbiased view of an outsider it would appear that the Englishmen are altogether in the wrong and are deserving of all they have received in the way of tongue lashing from the American papers.

As representatives of the gentlemen wheelmen of England the English papers would have displayed greater courtesy, less jealousy and far more brotherly feeling had they said nothing against the American records, but quietly accepted them as necessarily genuine when indorsed by the gentlemen wheelmen of America, until such time as evidence might be furnished to show that fraud or carelessness had existed.

Common justice, as well as friendly sentiment, should have taught the Englishmen to consider the Americans innocent until they were proven guilty, but their action in reversing this procedure, and holding the records as false until proven true, has had the boomerang effect of making the world believe that those so ready to assail the motives and acts of others are not themselves above suspicion.

We have carefully followed the discussion on this subject, and have seen no reasons advanced that throw any serious doubt on the Springfield records. To say that "records had to be made at Springfield" simply because an advertisement of the Springfield Club announced that records had always been broken at Springfield is no argument, but a dirty insinuation for one wheelman to make against a body of brother cyclists.

After considerable labor and research we find the following are the best athletic performances made on the Pacific coast: 75 yards, 7.45 seconds, J. Masterson, Oakland Athletic Club games, Oakland Grounds, Nov. 30, 1885; 100 yards, 10 seconds, R. S. Haley, Oakland Athletic Club games, Oakland Grounds, Sept. 23, 1885.

Two hundred yards, 20.14 seconds, R. S. Haley, Oakland Athletic Club games, Bay District Race Track, Nov. 30, 1885; 250 yards, 25 seconds, W. S. Stewart, Oakland Athletic Club games, Oakland Grounds, July 4, 1885.

Three hundred yards, 32.14 seconds, R. S. Haley; 350 yards, 38.3 seconds, R. S. Haley; 400 yards, 50.35 seconds, J. T. Belcher, Oct. 9, 1880; 1 mile, 4 minutes 45 seconds, Thos. Jennings, M. C. C. games, Stockton Race Track, July 4, 1884; 2 miles, 10 minutes 46 seconds, R. Locke, Oakland Athletic Club games, Oakland, May 30, 1884; Pole vault, 9 feet 1 1/4 inches, C. H. Slater, Oakland Athletic Club games, Oakland Grounds, Nov. 30, 1885; Kicking football, 156 1/2 feet, F. B. Peterson, M. C. C. games, Feb. 22, 1885.

One-mile walk, 7 minutes 45 seconds, J. B. Benjamin, Oakland Athletic Club games, Oakland Grounds, May 30, 1884; 1 mile bicycle, 3 minutes 15 1/2 seconds, H. E. Eggers, Garfield Monument Sports, Bay District Race Track, Nov. 30, 1885; 5 miles, 17 minutes, H. C. Plinker, Oakland Athletic Club games, Oakland Grounds, May 30, 1884.

Standing high jump, 4 feet 9 1/2 inches, H. Powers, University games, Nov. 17, 1885; running high jump, 19 feet 10 1/4 inches, R. S. Haley, May 30, 1885; running high jump, 5 feet 5 inches, J. T. McGillivray, University games; 120-yard hurdle, 19 1/2 seconds, R. B. Jones, M. C. C. games, Oakland Grounds, Dec. 8, 1885; standing high jump, W. S. Lawton, 12 feet 6 1/2 inches, using 22-pound dumb bells, May 15, 1878.

The watches of the time-keepers in this race showed 9 1/4 seconds, 9.45 seconds and 10 seconds respectively. R. B. Jones is credited with having run 100 yards in 10 seconds at Placeville, Sept. 8, 1881, but as the track was not properly measured the time made in that race cannot go on record. W. C. Lubbock was also timed in running 100 yards in 10 seconds at the Olympic games, Nov. 30, 1885, but through the fault of the starter Lubbock got at least 4 yards ahead of the pistol.

A. E. Verrinder in a match race ran 250 yards in 27.45 seconds with a flying start at the O. A. C. games Nov. 30, 1885.

I think engaging of race-horses is a branch of the turf's duties which demands his best attention at the opening of the year, when so many important stakes are arranged to close.

It is here that judicious placing tells with such effect, and the future of a race-horse may be marred or made by the action of his owner at this season.

That task may appear a simple one, as it would naturally be assumed that every man should know the engagements that are best suited to his team.

Experience of many years convinced me that more fatal mistakes are made in placing horses than in almost any other department of managerial functions.

To perform this duty successfully, one wants to know the distance a horse can compare to most advantage; the animal's "class" must also be thoroughly understood.

I may remark that most owners are disposed to attribute higher attainments to their horses than really belongs to them, a mistake which arises from the bias of ownership.

Serious and expensive errors are made by over-engaging two-year-olds, and these might be avoided by the careful allocation of youngsters, which means putting the smaller and more furnished into early engagements and reserving the larger and more backward for the autumn races.

In reference to this part of the subject I may remark that there are early and late breeds, while, as a rule, it is advisable to engage fillies in spring races.

I understand T. J. Dunbar has been engaged as trainer of the Fashion Stud Farm, Trenton, N. J.

Dunbar stands expelled by order of the Cleveland Park Association.

He thinks he is a much injured man. Why don't he demand that his case shall be settled at the next meeting of the Board of Review? He should not allow the stigma of an expulsion to stand over his head. Either he is or is not guilty.

I understand by a Western correspondent that Milton Young came very near losing his entire stud last year, his losses on the turf being so great, and a \$30,000 mortgage hanging over him. He cleared \$20,000 by his annual sale, and thus wiped out two-thirds of the indebtedness.

Milton Young is engaged in bookmaking, and it was probably by laying against other men's race horses that he lost so much money.

Bookmakers sometimes lose heavily, and when they lay 7 to 1 and the 7 to 1 chance wins, they have to pay the bidder for a small fortune.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TO NEWS AGENTS, POSTMASTERS, ETC.

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C. Waco, Tex.—No.
St. B., Boston.—Yes.
Y. D., New York.—No.
C. D. G., Chicago.—Yes.
H. G., Philadelphia.—No.
J. M., Dallas, Texas.—No.
L. G., Portland, Me.—Yes.
A. L., Baltimore, Md.—No.
C. S., Dayton, Wyo.—Yes.
B. B., Albany, N. Y.—Yes.
J. A. McG., New York.—Yes.
D. J., Bordenstown, N. J.—No.
G. G. H., Philadelphia.—Yes.
F. A. R., Rochester, N. Y.—No.
J. R., Plainfield, N. J.—M wins.
K. J. W., St. Peter, Minn.—Yes.
Y. D., New York.—Irish descent.
CONSTANT READER, New York.—No.
J. H. H., Denver, Col.—Both are runs.
J. R., Muncy, Pa.—Cannot publish photo.
G. H., Pine, Cal.—Apply of your druggist.
J. K., San Francisco.—Charley Mitchell.
K. J. H., Plymouth, Pa.—Have not the date.
W. M., Streator, Ill.—We cannot inform you.
H. W. D., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.—Ten seconds.
F. C. B., Aurora.—Have mailed you the paper.
S. V. O., Clyde, Kan.—It is pronounced Byard.
W. E. S., Lincoln, Ill.—Will attend to the matter.
A. L., Danville, O.—Bonner paid \$33,000 for Dexter.
OLD SUBSCRIBER, Malone.—We have not the records.
L. F., Peoria, Ill.—We have not space for your letter.
T. E. W., Helena, Ark.—Yes, if there is no fraud used.
W. W. G., Kansas City.—We do not know the distance.
K. R., Muskegon, Mich.—C backed both birds. B wins.
C. W. B., Scottsdale, Pa.—We do not keep such a record.
J. P. W., Tuvedo Park, N. Y.—Both are wrong. 22:15 1/4.
A. B., Denver, Col.—There is no crew holding that title.
H. A., Baltimore.—The tournament has been declared off.
O. H. J., Washville, Tex.—A straight flush when played.
O. R., Brooklyn, N. Y.—There is no one holding that title.
QUINCY, West Troy, N. Y.—It was fought on Oct. 30, 1858.
W. C., Menomonee, Wis.—The party cutting the ace wins.
G. P., Newport, Ohio.—If you have no trump you can do so.
J. A. C., Ellsworth, Kan.—We answer no questions by mail.
G. A. S., Buffalo, N. Y.—The party holding sixty-six counts.
D. A., Glendale, N. Y.—Tom King, the pugilist, is still living.
O. S., Gloucester City, N. J.—There is no such book published.
L. W. H., Dunkirk, N. Y.—There is no record for that distance.
J. S. and J. R., Union City.—There is no recognized champion.
G. T. E., Reudont, N. Y.—A straight when straight is played.
B. Q., Chicago, Ill.—Garfield's majority in this State was 1,068.
E. C. W., St. Paul.—We do not know the pugilist you mean. 2.
Yes.
C. A. R., Cadillac, Mich.—Thanks. Your matter reached us too late.
D. D., St. Paul, Minn.—John Morrissey never fought Joe Cornburn.
G. V., New Orleans, La.—Forward \$1 and we will mail you the book.
SUBSCRIBER, Brooklyn Barracks.—Will answer your question later.
J. L. H., Kansas City, Mo.—Send 25 cents and we will send you rules.
J. P. B., Pataha City, Wash. T.—That the horse must run two heats.
A. J. G., Spalding, Mich.—This journal has the largest circulation.
R. O., Elmira, N. Y.—Major Grace was born at Queen's County, Ireland.
J. C. C., New York.—Write to the War Department at Washington, D. C.
A. R., Brooklyn, E. D.—Write to the keeper of the menagerie, Central Park.
P. K. C., Cleveland, O.—Send on a forfeit if you desire your challenge inserted.
S. T. S., Newsdealer, Greenville, Me.—1. A is entitled to both runs. 2. Four.
T. J. Mc., 2 Washington street, Boston.—We have not the address of Harry Monroe.
A. B., Truckee, Cal.—1. Yes. Heenan did hold Sayers on the ropes. 2. A wins.
D. E. H., Brooklyn, N. Y.—1. One hundred and sixty-two pounds. 2. Frank Ambrose.
J. L., Danville, Va.—Write to Arthur Chambers, 922 Ridge avenue, Philadelphia.
J. D., Elmira, N. Y.—1. The game counts high, low, jack, game. 2. A wins. 3. Yes.
R. A., Lockport, N. Y.—Jimmy Kelly, the pugilist, has not retired from the ring.
B. A., Streetsville, M. T.—Certainly, you can draw five cards if you choose to do so.
H. B. D. W., San Bernardino, Cal.—We know of nothing against the party you refer to.
H. P., Pottsville, Pa.—Lewis Gibson, the English oarsman, was born at Putney, Eng.
Com. G., First Infantry, Fort Washackee, Wyo.—We do not know the party you refer to.
J., Detroit, Mich.—Weston was beaten in a 6-day race by O'Leary in England, April, 1877.
W. S., Milwaukee, Wis.—No. Jem Mace and Ned O'Baldwin never fought in the ring.
D. L., Utah.—A knock down does not end a round, unless the three minutes have expired.
T. C., Genoa, Ohio.—Flora Temple's fastest time in harness was 2:19 1/4 at Kalamazoo, Mich.
M. M., Buck's County, Pa.—Send on a forfeit with your challenge and it will be inserted.
W. T. M., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.—We have never had a complaint against the parties you name.
J. A., Boonville, Mo.—Hanlan beat Hawdon, Elliott, Trickett, Laycock and Boyd in England.
S. E. R. S., Houston, Tex.—1. The party making 31 is only entitled to two holes. 2. B wins.
W. S. G., St. Mary's.—Write to Wm. Clacker, Newark, N. J., or Dennis Mahoney, Rochester, N. Y.
O. A., Brighton, Mass.—Denny Harrington beat George Rooke at Surrey Gardens, Eng., March 12, 1878.
RAMS HEAD, Washington, D. C.—In 1883 Jim, better known as Deaf Burke, was champion of England.
C. S., Carlyle, Can.—1. B. 2. Yes, if agreed to. 3. Yes. 4. Send 25 cents and we will mail you the rules.
H. F., Oakland, Cal.—Jack Randall was born in the neighborhood of St. Giles, London, Eng., Nov. 25, 1794.
N. H., Black Diamond, W. T.—1. Two hundred and fifteen pounds. 2. There is no authentic record.
G. A., Allegheny City.—Johnny Broome beat Jack Hannan in 47 rounds, lasting 49 minutes, Jan. 26, 1881.
B. B., Camp Harney, Grant County, Oregon.—It is a foul. The ball must be spotted and your opponent play.
D. M., Rochester, N. Y.—1. The race did not take place. 2. Sullivan was born at the Highlands, Boston, Mass.
L. S., Boston, Mass.—William Cummings ran a mile in 4 minutes 16 1/2 seconds at Preston, Eng., May 18, 1881.
W. H., Forestville, Conn.—Send \$2.50 and we will furnish you with a book on club-swinging which is the standard.
E. F. O., Caldwell, O.—1. Write to John Wood, 208 Bowers.
2. Yes. 3. Send 25 cents and we will mail you the rules.
A. F., Boston, Mass.—Chambers beat Kelly, Sept. 29, 1859, in a race for the English rowing championship, in 25 minutes 25 seconds.

O. P., Keyport, N. J.—Send for "Champions of the American Prize Ring." It contains the Sullivan and Ryan battle. SUBSCRIBER, Louisville, Ky.—Send for the "Sporting Man's Companion" to this office. It will give you all the information.
H. F. P. M., New York.—A bet is \$50 that a royal flush, 7, 8, 9, 10 and Jack (all hearts) beat four kings. The royal flush wins.
J. L., San Jose, Cal.—1. Rowell did win the Atley belt three times in succession. 2. Young Tom Lane was a left-handed pugilist.

F. L., Harrisburg, Pa.—1. John Morrissey was never defeated in the prize ring. 2. Send to this office for "The Life of John Morrissey."

R. S., Greenwich, Conn.—The prize fight between John L. Sullivan and Paddy Ryan was fought and decided on the merits of the pugilists.

C. C. B., Toronto, Ont.—1. There is no book on how to train dogs for the pit. 2. Send 25 cents and we will send you "Dog Fighting Rules."

A. A. B., Lambertville, N. J.—1. The match should have been postponed until the full number of birds had been secured. 2. Neither won.

S. C. W., Woodstock, Vt.—You can have this paper mailed to you if you send on your address and subscription. Inform your friends of this fact.

CONSTANT READER, New York.—H. G. wins the money. Sullivan, by a tremendous body-blow in the third round, sent Hyer to the ground.

A. M., Elmira, N. Y.—Who loses the game in seven-up when both parties have the same number in count, or is there no game out? None dealer.

H. M., Park City, Utah.—1. Bob Way was born at Olean, N. Y. 2. Way jumped 12 feet 8 1/4 inches, when he won the championship at Chicago, July 11, 1867.

S. W., San Francisco, Cal.—Gale, the English pedestrian, walked 1,500 miles in 1,000 consecutive hours, one mile and a half each hour, Aug. 26 to Oct. 6, 1877.

W. G., Bridgeport, Conn.—Yes. John Ashton knocked out Jim Donnelly, of Pittsburg, at Philadelphia, on Feb. 1, in 2 rounds, lasting 4 minutes, "Police Gazette" rules.

FRANKLIN HOUSE, New York.—1. High, low, jack, game, sancho, pedro, and they count in that order. 2. In some places they count sancho before they count pedro.

G. F. T., Stratford, Iowa.—1. Fish Smart has covered one mile in 3 minutes, which is the best on record. 2. No. 3. We do not answer correspondents by mail or telegraph.

C. R., Great Bend.—Please answer in your paper whether or not a point can be claimed by turning a Jack, and cards are run again and run out. No misdeal. The Jack counts.

B. W., Bangor, Maine.—Thomas Kelly, who was once a member of the Mystic Baseball Club, was killed on March 5, 1882, by a powder explosion at Junction City, Montana.

B. S., St. Paul, Minn.—1. James Weeden, the Pittsburg pugilist, was born May 10, 1850, at Kendall, Eng. 2. He stands 5 feet 5 1/2 inches in height and weighs in condition 135 pounds.

M. S., West Framingham, Mass.—1. The longest distance ever walked without a rest is 120 miles 1,500 yards, by Peter Crossland. 2. He accomplished it at Manchester, Eng., Sept. 11, 1876.

VICTOR A. KOSMUS, N. Y. City.—1. We cannot back you. 2. Apply to Billy Edwards, at the Hoffman House, or to Prof. Mike Donovan, New York Athletic Club. They give lessons in boxing.

S. N., White Rock, E. I.—According to the London prize ring rules a half-minute rest is allowed between each round. Pugilists boxing by the Marquis of Queensbury rules are allowed one-minute rests.

E. L., Natchez, Miss.—1. Patsy Sheppard was matched to fight Barney Aaron, but the match was broken off. 2. Sheppard defeated Richard Murphy and fought a draw with Mike Coburn in this country.

CONSTANT READER, Corning, Cal.—1. J. wins. 2. John L. Sullivan and Joe Goss never engaged in a regular prize ring encounter. 3. Donald Dinne was born at Abeyne, Aberdeenshire, Scotland, July 10, 1837.

P. H., Scranton, Ill.—H. Thatcher walked 22 miles in 2 hours 57 minutes 45 seconds, at Little Bridge grounds, London, Eng., Feb. 20, 1882. Thatcher beat W. Perkins' time for the same distance 1 minute 7 seconds.

A. C. W., New York.—1. G. D. Baird, of the Olympic Athletic Club, is the amateur champion walker at 1 mile. 2. Six minutes 29 3/4 seconds is the fastest amateur time for 1 mile, walking, made by Frank P. Murray.

N. D., Watertown, Wis.—1. Savante is the French style of boxing. 2. Professors of Savante claim that the leg and foot should be the principal dependence in the combat and that the arms and hands should only be their agents.

J. H. R., South Framingham, Mass.—A B and C play bluff. A deals and C cuts. After the cards are dealt out B chips and C passes. A calls B. Can C go in and raise or can he go in at all after passing? When C passes he cannot come in.

C. S., Meadville, Pa.—The alleged records made by C. E. Stickney, the dumb-bell lifter, amount to nothing. He never accomplished the feats published in a fair and square manner. 2. Stickney's dumb-bells can be loaded or unloaded to suit the feat he is to perform.

J. K., Lansingburg, N. Y.—John Jackson, known as "Gentleman John," was born in London, Eng., Sept. 25, 1789. He defeated Fowierell and Mendoza, and was beaten by George, the Brewer. He was recognized by the nobility, and died at 4 Grosvenor street, Eaton square, Oct. 7, 1845.

D. B., Watkins, N. Y.—1. Charley Gallagher defeated Tom Allen, February, 1883, at St. Louis, by knocking him out of time in the second round after fighting 3 minutes. 2. Tom Allen beat Rose, Parkinson, Posh Price and Isles; was beaten by Price and Bob Smith, and fought a draw with Goss in England.

H. M., Boston.—Tommy Warren, of Walla Walla, and Jack Murphy, fought at Louisville, Ky., on Feb. 5, according to Queensbury rules. Seven rounds were fought when Warren had Murphy conquered. He came up for the eighth round when Warren fought him to a standstill. The fight, including rests, lasted 29 minutes.

CORRESPONDENT, Dillon, Mont.—A and C are partners in a euchre game; B and D are partners; A deals, B and C pass. A plays alone; B and D euchre him; B claims B and D can take 4 for euchreing A, and A claims either B or D must play it alone against A and euchre him in order to make 4 points. Which is right? You are only entitled to two for a euchre.

D. S., Taunton, Mass.—Jim Coleman, of Scranton, and Patsy Moran, of Pine Brook, fought for \$100 a side, "Police Gazette" rules, Jan. 30, at Scranton, Pa. Four rounds were fought which ended in a draw. Tom Carroll and Jim Connors fought for a purse, Queensbury rules, on Feb. 7, in New York. Carroll won by Connors striking a foul blow in the fifteenth round. The fight lasted 58 minutes 30 seconds.

J. J., Canyon City, Col.—The daily scores made by John Ennis and Chas. A. Harriman in the second contest for the Atley belt were as follows: Ennis, first day, 85, second, 78, third, 78, fourth, 85, fifth, 69, sixth, 70, total, 415 miles. Harriman, first day, 100 miles, second, 86, third, 84, fourth, 55, fifth, 65, sixth, 60 miles, total, 450.

B. A., Providence, R. I.—A and B are playing a game of high, low, jack and the game. A has two to go; B has one to go. A deals and pitches low. B puts on his jack and saves it, and claims the game, although A still has high in his hand. They are now both 7 points each. A has high and low, B has jack, which he saved before A made two points, please tell us which goes out first. A wins. High low counting before jack or game.

E. F. P., New York.—In a game of seven-up, 15 points out, three persons playing, please decide the rule of the game in this particular instance, the players to be represented by A, B and C. A deals to B and B beats. A gives one. C is 14 points and makes one more, which puts him out. B claims he is entitled to receive another beg in succession from A, instead of dealing the card is himself. B is not entitled to the privilege of begging twice in succession. We never heard of such a thing.

J. E., Philadelphia, Pa.—The Cincinnati Red Stocking nine who played through a season without a defeat was made up of the following players, who hailed from the following cities: Allison, catcher, a suburb near Philadelphia; Brainerd, pitcher, Brooklyn; Gould, first base, Cincinnati; Sweeney, second base, Newark, N. J.; G. Wright, Hoboken, N. J.; Waterman, third base, Philadelphia; Leonard, left field, Newark, N. J.; H. Wright, center field, Hoboken, N. J.; McVey, right field, Indianapolis; H. Deane, substitute, Indianapolis; Atwater, substitute, Buffalo, N. Y.

G. A. H., Albany, N. Y.—We do not know. Advertise for one in these columns.

Do not forget that any person who is unable to buy this paper in their town can have it forwarded direct from this office at the rate of \$1.00 for three months.



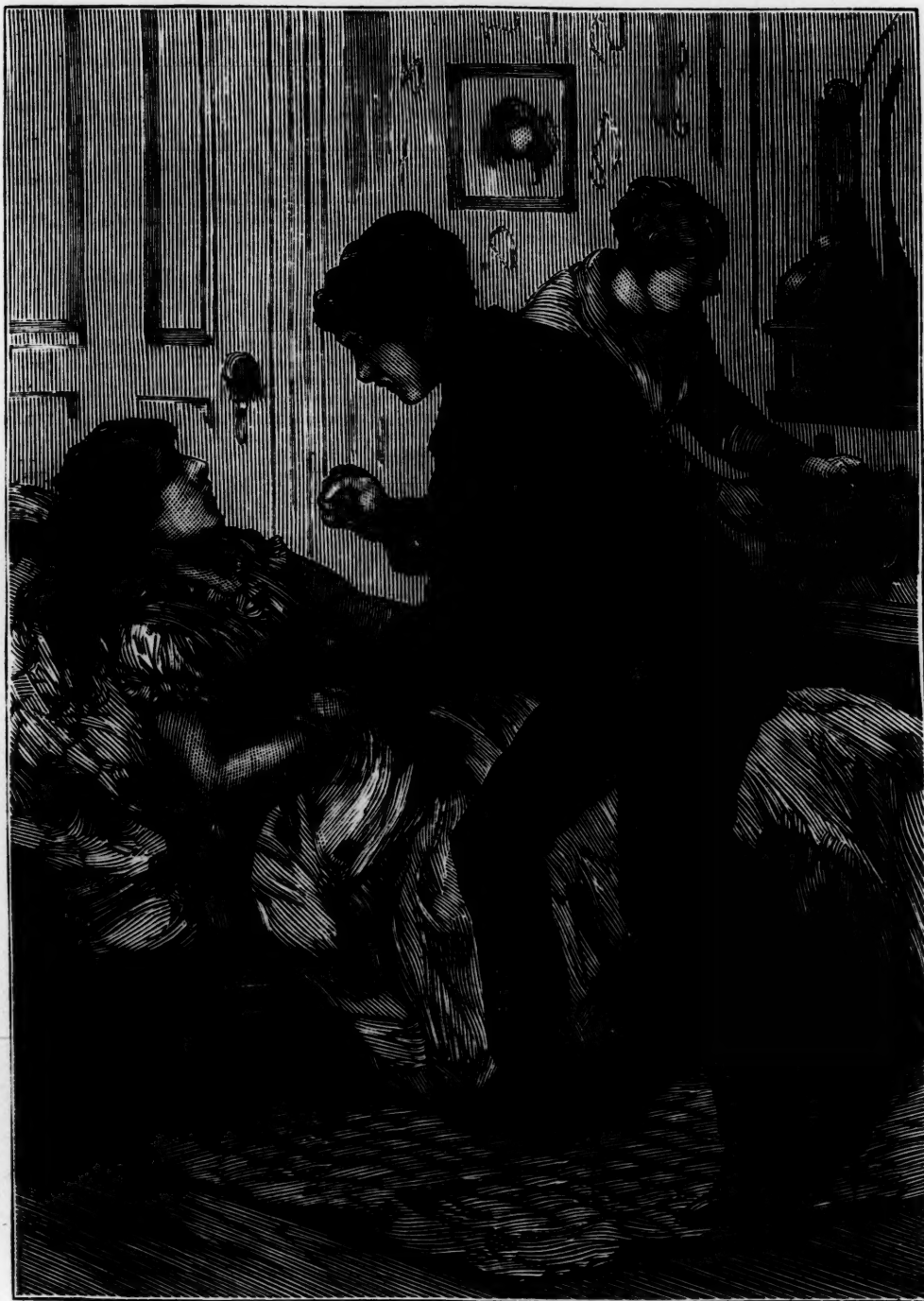
THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

HOW THE BELLES OF PHILADELPHIA ARE ROBBED OF THEIR TRESSES BY THE MISERABLE RUFFIANS OF THAT MUNICIPALITY.



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THE EXTRAORDINARY EXPERIENCE WHICH SHE SAYS OCCURRED TO MRS. ELLEN PLUNKETT OF NEW YORK CITY.



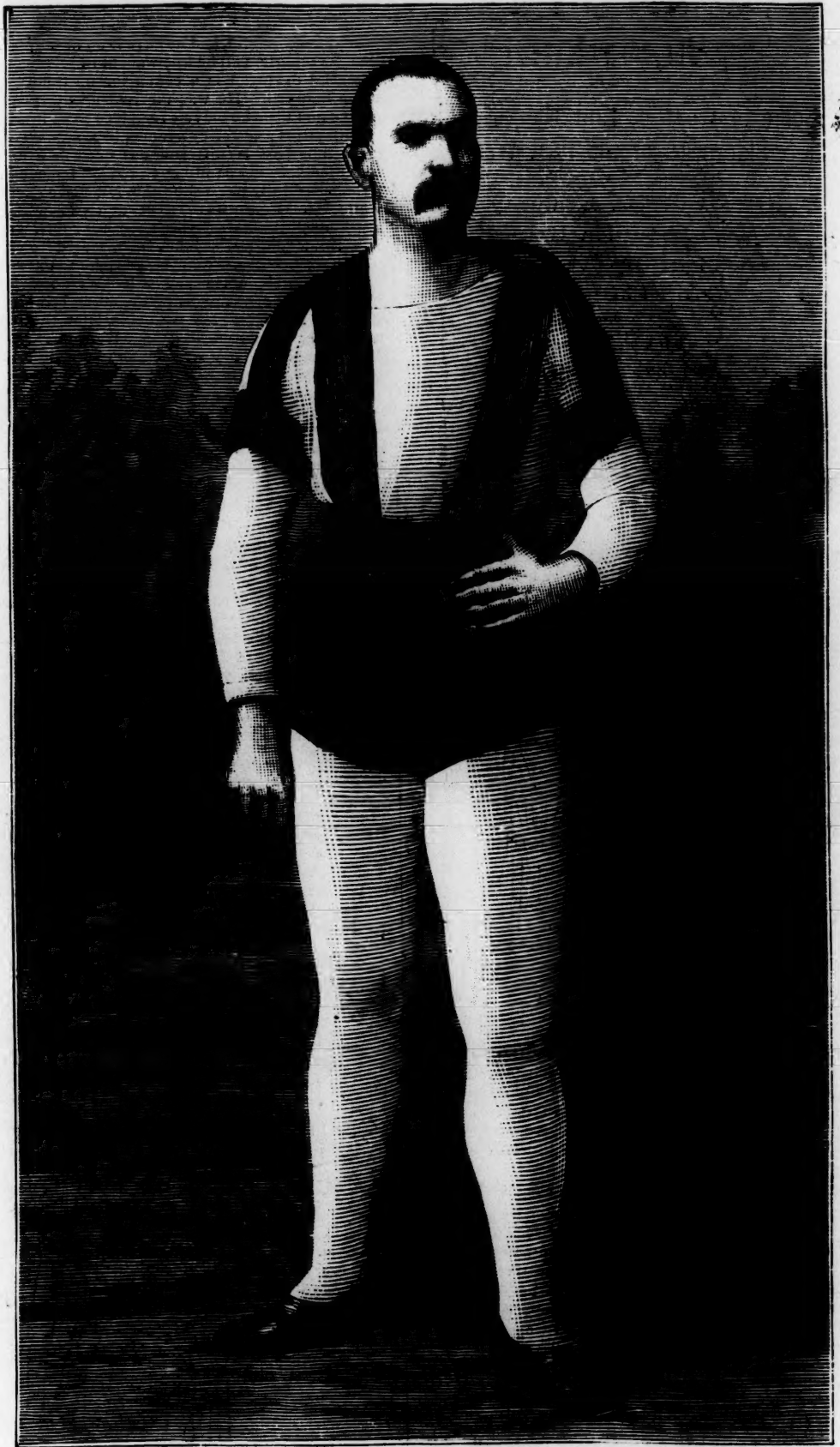
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A FAMOUS COLLAR AND-ELBOW WRESTLER, NOW LOCATED AT NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT.



VILLAGE BELLE
A HANDSOME FOX TERRIER, PROPERTY OF W. R. BINGHAM, TORONTO.

AH, THERE!

Some of the Nice and Naughty Little Sideshows of the Past Week.

Vicky's Ernest--A Kentucky Row--
A Queer Abduction Case--Kissed
and Made Up--An Amorous
Colored Missionary.

Vicky's Ernest.

A newspaper paragrapher says: "The other night I happened to be a passenger on the street car of which young Mr. Schelling, or Huelskamp, or whatever his name may be, is the driver. Pretty much everybody on the car recognized him as he or she climbed to the platform, and he seemed to be highly pleased by the distinction. In fact, his face was wreathed in



smiles all the way down town. He apparently wishes to be regarded as the duke of the conductors. He was dressed, the other night, in addition to his other garments, in an overcoat trimmed with fur and a seal-skin cap. He wore handsome gloves and appeared to regard his employment rather in the light of a joke than otherwise.

A Sensational Kentucky Episode.

There was a lively and sensational scene in the house of representatives at Frankfort, Ky., Feb. 8. A bill to amend the Citizen's Gas Company's charter was up for consideration. Representatives Williams, Owens and Spalding, friends of the gas company, and opposed to amendment, sought to delay consideration by filibustering. Owens called for the yeas and nays on a motion, but Speaker Offutt ruled him out



of order, as he heard no second to the call. Owens said Spalding had seconded the call, and would not sit down, saying that he did not care what the speaker ruled; he knew his rights and intended to have them. Speaker Offutt and Owens glared at each other, and the former said: "The gentleman from Scott is out of order. He will take his seat. If he fails to take his seat the sergeant-at-arms will compel him to be seated." Offutt spoke with vigor and determination. Owens' face flushed deeply. He responded quickly: "I shall not take my seat until I have had my rights as a member of the house. I defy any man to touch me. I defy the sergeant-at-arms, and I shall stand here and assert my rights. If there are forty sergeant-at-arms they cannot remove me from this place or make me take my seat."

This produced a tremendous sensation. The lobbies were breathless, and, as Owens stood there with his head thrown a little back and his right hand pointed at the speaker, for the moment he had the house at bay. Offutt called repeatedly to Sergeant-at-Arms Corbett to seat Owens. Owens paid no attention to the feeble request of the sergeant-at-arms, and finally the speaker said that if Owens' calls for the yeas and nays was seconded, he would allow the roll to be called. Owens said it had been seconded, and the roll was called. Owens sat down and peace spread her wings over the house.

A Queer Abduction Case.

Chief of Police Murphy, of Jersey City, has been busily engaged during the past week in investigating



a most extraordinary case of kidnapping. All his efforts to get at the bottom of the mystery have

proved unsuccessful, and he gave it up in despair, and told the reporters all he knew about it.

Charles S. Hogan is a conductor on the Pennsylvania Railroad. He was married about a year ago, and he and his wife have ever since lived in a flat at Eighth street and Jersey avenue, in Jersey City. For some time past Mrs. Hogan has been in a delicate condition. She was attended by Dr. Holcomb, her husband's family physician. On last Friday evening, while Mr. Hogan was absent and she was alone at home, she was seized with sudden illness. She threw open a window and called to a boy who was passing. She begged him to run to Dr. Holcomb's office and ask him to come to her. The boy ran off on the errand and she went to bed. A few moments later the boy returned, accompanied by a strange man, whom she did not recognize. The man said he was a doctor, that his name was Sayres, and that he would attend her. He administered ether to her, and while under its influence she gave birth to a child. When she had partly recovered consciousness the man asked her where her mother and husband were. She told him, and he wrote a telegram to each of them asking them to call on Mrs. Hogan immediately. Then he gave her a small parcel which she supposed contained medicine. When he was ready to leave he picked up the child from the foot of the bed on which it was lying, wrapped it in a shawl, darted out of the room with it and ran down stairs. Mrs. Hogan was too weak and too stupefied to raise an alarm. She remembered nothing more until an hour later, when her mother and husband arrived. To them she related what had happened, and they notified the police. Ever since then the detectives have been trying without success to find the strange doctor or the boy. Mrs. Hogan was unable to give any further description of the man than that he was of medium height and wore a light mustache. There is no Dr. Sayres in Jersey City or Hoboken.

Kissed and Made Up.

Last week Judge Robertson, of Cincinnati, heard the divorce suit of Valentine Meyer against Eliza Meyer. They were old people, he having been a widower and she a widow when they married. Their quarrels were very frequent, and the subject of some of them was very comical. One of the allegations in her cross petition was that he had cut a hole in the dividing



wall between their adjoining houses. When they quarreled this was boarded up. But before they ceased to live together they would sometimes make up after a quarrel. Then he would sometimes invite her to come into his room at night through the hole in the wall, and sometimes he would go into her house and spend the night with her. These things he would do, she said, when he was in the proper mood. This was one of other ridiculous allegations in the petitions.

Since the trial they have made up, and are now living together, and have condoned the offenses each charged against the other.

Nero's Naughty Record.

H. E. Thompson, a well-known business man of Kansas City, in an interview, said Nero, the colored evangelist now under arrest in Glasgow, Scotland, was compelled to leave Kansas City in consequence of exposures made by the press of that city. Nero was a teacher in the public schools there, and rumors being rife of his unbecoming conduct, a reporter investigated the matter and denounced the colored teacher, alleging that he had corrupted young women under his charge and associated with women of bad repute. The Board of Education, finding the charges true, at once expelled Nero, and he left the country soon after.

WHO ROBBED HONEST JOHN?

[Subject of Illustration.]

While Honest John McManus was sleeping the sleep of the upright legislator in Albany, the other night, some knave entered his room and carried off his wardrobe. When he awoke in the morning and found himself without even a collar button with which to adorn his manly form he was mad, so mad that he rang the electric bell so furiously that he brought proprietor, bell-boy and porters to his room.

"Where's my clothes?" demanded the irate legislator.

"I'm sure I don't know. Ain't they in your room?" innocently asked the boniface.

"No, they ain't. If they were do you think I would ask you? Do I look like a baby that wants to be dressed by its ma? They're not here and somebody took them!" screamed John.

"Did you lose them?" was again mildly put.

"Did I lose them? No, I threw them away. Do I look like a man who would lose his clothes? Somebody stole them."

Ex-Assemblyman Brogan and several kindred spirits were in the hotel that night and somebody saw them leave for Troy with a bundle.

ROBBED BY DISGUISED WOMEN.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Mrs. Annie E. Post, a midwife, keeps a private hospital at No. 31 West Fourth street. Ellen Plunkett, a middle-aged woman, has been engaged as a servant in Mrs. Post's establishment for a couple of weeks. Prior to that time she had been working for Mrs. Mary Green, a colored woman, keeping a boarding house at No. 199 Bleeker street. The other night Mrs. Post was arrested by Sergt. Douglass and locked up in the Mercer street police station on a charge of robbery. The charge was made by Ellen Plunkett, backed by Kate Buckley, who lives at No. 22 Prince street.

Ellen says that soon after she entered Mrs. Post's establishment the latter asked Kate Buckley what she knew of Ellen's financial condition, but Kate refused to tell. Mrs. Post then told the Buckley woman that she intended to bring a charge of larceny against both her and Ellen. She made a charge against Ellen of having stolen a gold watch from her, and on Friday last she obtained a search warrant, with a view of searching the rooms of both Ellen and Kate. While searching the effects of Ellen Mrs. Post came across a bag which Ellen was in the habit of keeping strapped next to her person. In the bag were three pocket-books, containing altogether about \$23. Satisfied with her work for the time being, Mrs. Post gave up the search and said that she was mistaken in suspecting the girl of theft.

On Monday night, however, says Ellen, Mrs. Post administered a powerful potion to her while asleep and took the bag and belt from her person and the pocketbooks with them. On awakening Ellen at once charged Mrs. Post with robbing her. After a while Mrs. Post, it is alleged, told the woman she took the bag from her merely for safe keeping, and taking it from a bureau drawer threw it to her, saying she would find it all right. Ellen counted the money and found she was about \$60 short. The next day Ellen again became unconscious soon after eating a meal, and when she again came to she found that she had been again robbed--this time of about \$50.

On Tuesday night, while Ellen lay in her room sick from the effects of the narcotics that had been administered to her, she declares that a Mrs. Brown, a friend of Mrs. Post, and another woman, both of whom had their faces blackened and wore men's clothing, entered her room and threatened her with violence if she made any outcry. They then ransacked her room, and succeeded in robbing her of the balance of her money. One of the women, she says, wore a brown coat that she recognized as belonging to Mr. Post.

The woman Plunkett was too ill to make a complaint against her robbers until the other day. Kate Buckley declares that after Mrs. Post took the first instalment of Ellen's money, and before she admitted having done so, Mrs. Post came to Kate Buckley and offered to divide the spoils with her if she would say nothing about it. The other women have not yet been identified and cannot, therefore, be arrested.

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ALL Advertising Agencies are forbidden to quote the POLICE GAZETTE at less than regular rates, and notified that orders from them will not be received unless they exact full rates from advertisers.

Copy for advertisements must reach this office by Tuesday at 1 P. M., in order to insure insertion in following issue.

TO ADVERTISERS.

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10 Card Photographs. Actresses in tights, 25c. 10 Cabinets, 50c. MCULL, 304 Henry St., N. Y.

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Manmoth Photo (very nice), \$1. 6 (different), \$5. M. HUNTER, Ithaca, N. Y. Mention this paper.

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WANTED An active Man or Woman in every county to sell our goods. Salary \$75 per Month and Expenses. Canvassing outfit and particulars FREE. STANDARD SILVER-WARE CO., Boston Mass.

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